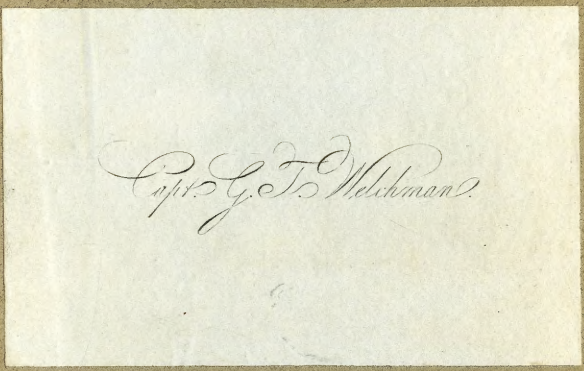
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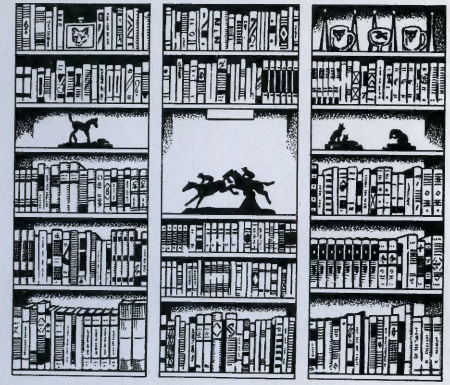

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

To all that love us,

and the honest art of Angling.

STUDY TO BE QUIET.

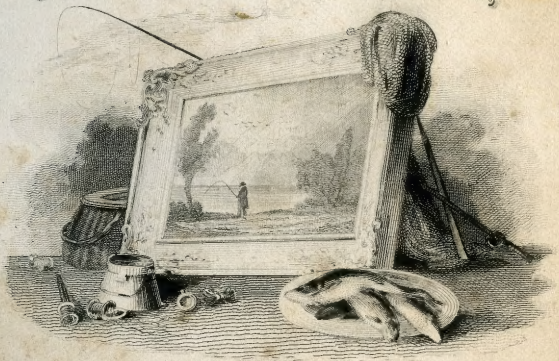
"As inward lore breeds outward talk,
The Hound some praise and some the Hawk.
Some better pleased with private sport,
Use Tennis some a Mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy while I freely fish."

London, Charles Tilt, 86 Fleet Street August 1, 1836.

THE

ANGLER'S SOUVENIR,

BY



Engd. by H. Beckwith.

P. FISHER, ESQ.

Assisted by several eminent

PISCATORY CHARACTERS

with Illustrations by

Beckwith & Topham.

London, Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street, August 1, 1835.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO CAPT. JAMES FISHER,

OF THE HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY'S —— REGIMENT OF NATIVE INFANTRY, CALCUTTA.

"Dear Brother Jim,"

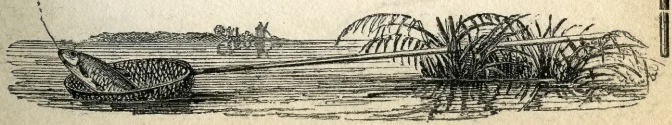
As my earliest angling reminiscences recall the happy days of our boyhood and youth, when we were companions in many an angling excursion, and when we fished the rippling burn "from morn to dewy eve"—now wading middle-deep in the stream, and now walking dry-shod on the bank—I know no person to whom I can more appropriately dedicate "The Angler's Souvenir," than yourself.

The "Dedication" copy—which your friend Major Armstrong, who expects to sail on the 1st of September, has kindly promised to take charge of—you will please to keep as a small token of brotherly affection. The other copy, sent at the same time—one side of the binding of which is ornamented with

the trophies of war, surmounted with a Bengal tiger rampant, and the other ornamented with angling apparatus, surmounted with a Tweed salmon hauriant—I wish you to present, in my name, to the regimental library. Great indeed would be our reward—I now write for "Self and Co." the joint contributors to the volume—should "The Angler's Souvenir" afford an hour's entertainment, by recalling thoughts of former days, to those who have abandoned the long rod and ozier creel, for the "spurtle blade and dog-skin wallet," and who, instead of walking by the pleasant streams, and through the woods and green meadows of their native land, now march by the banks of the Ganges and the Jumna, or traverse the jungles and arid plains of Hindostan. Should "The Angler's Souvenir" prove acceptable to those who are far distant from "the green islands of their sires," I would fain hope that it may not be wholly uninteresting to the brotherhood of anglers at home, for whose delectation and instruction it is more especially intended.

Should you wish to know, my dear James, what portion of the volume was written by your loving brother, I must honestly confess that throughout the greater part of it, I have been little more than

"a disposer of other men's stuff;" putting together and arranging, in something like order, the various communications, both written and verbal, which I have received from "several eminent piscatory characters." Your old school-fellow, Robert Salkeld, of the Gill-foot, who is a perfect "anglimaniac"—thanks to Christopher North for the word—has "contributed" liberally; and old Mich. Routledge, "the lang-weaver of Laggenby," whom you will recollect as an excellent fly-fisher and a notorious poacher, has furnished —orally, for he cannot write—some "valuable information." Cousin Alick Tweddell, who was just breeched when you went out to India, has also lent his assistance; and the greater part of the notice of the Thames and some of its tributary streams, is written by Mr. Wm. Simpson, a partner in the celebrated firm of "Simpson and Co." Several other gentlemen of piscatory eminence have also afforded their valuable aid; but their great modesty, the certain indication of genius, does not permit me to mention their names: "Like violets by a mossy stone," more "than half hidden from the eye," they are content to diffuse their sweetness unseen. Respecting the illustrations, I need not say one word. They speak for themselves.

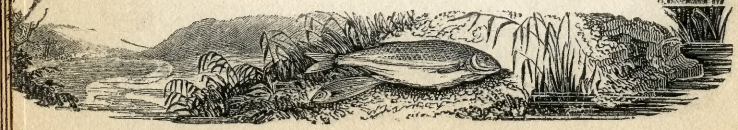


Before concluding my Epistle, I think it necessary to inform you that "The Angler's Souvenir" was ready for the press in October last; but that several unforeseen causes of delay, which printers and publishers only can explain, have retarded its appearance till the present time. If the calculations of astronomers and printers are to be depended on, I expect that it will positively make its appearance here about the same time as the comet, and reach you, as a New Year's gift, about the 1st January. In the same feeling with which it is inscribed, accept it, my dear James,

From your loving Brother,

P. FISHER.

Southern Knowe;
14*th Aug.* 1835.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
The Pleasures of Angling	1
Youthful Anglers	2
Unhappy Anglers	6
Bottom-fishers	7
Life-preserver for Bottom-fishers	8
Fashionable and scientific Anglers	9
Pleasures of Fly-fishing in the country	12
The fanciful "Amateur" Angler	14
How angling only can be enjoyed	19

CHAPTER II.

Excellent angling in the Lochs of Scotland	20
Great "take" of trouts by the Ettrick Shepherd	21
Laking and Anglimania	22
THE THAMES	25
Richmond	26
Twickenham to Hampton	28
Staines to Windsor, across Runnemede	29
Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton	31
Windsor to Henley	32
Dorchester to Oxford	32
Angling station at Pangbourn	33
Oxford anglers	34
THE KENNET	35
Size of trouts in the Kennet	35

	Page
Angling near Hungerford	36
Lambourn	37
A large trout caught in a pond near Welford House	37
THE COLNE	38
Longford, Harmondsworth, and Drayton	38
The Colne much netted	39
Denham	40
THE WANDLE	42
Croydon, Beddington, Wallington, and Carshalton	43
Anne Boleyn's Well	44
Mitcham	45
THE LEA	45
Drifts of Sunday Anglers on the Lea	45
Blowing brains	46
Change of manners since the days of Izaak Walton	47
The Rye House	48
Page's "The Eel and Pike;" Want's, "The Crown," Broxbourn,	51
King's Weir, Waltham Abbey, and Flander's Weir	52
Cook's Ferry to Stratford	52

CHAPTER III.

An angling party at the Rye House	55
A polite note	56
Commencement of an "Angling Palaver"	58
Effects of good ale	60
Eulogium on Father Walton	61
Walton's Angler recommended for the use of Schools	63
Fly-fishing	65
Chantrey's salmon-fishing	67
Pot-fishing in Yorkshire	68
Angling Academy for grown Gentlemen	71
Trolling in the Lea	71
Punt-fishing, with music	74
Song, "The Angler's Reveille"	75
Medwin's "Angler in Wales"	77
Tales of a Traveller about Byron	77
Traveller takes a type by the wrong handle	83
Hansard's "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales"	84

	Page
The "Angler in Ireland," and "Stephen Oliver"	84
"Maxims and Hints for an Angler"	85
American angling	86
Lady-Anglers	87
Sheep-washing injurious to the angler's sport	88
Destructive practice of liming	90
Large American trout	91
Proposed party to Lake Huron	91
Fly-fishing in Pennsylvania	92
"Mutual Instruction" about flies	92
Catching a salmon	94
Salmon and trout seized with apoplexy	95
How to land a salmon	95
Inverness-shire and Cunnemara recommended for salmon-fishing	97
The Angler's Even-song	99

CHAPTER IV.

Requisites of a good rod for fly-fishing	101
Salmon-rod	103
Reel	105
Lines for salmon and trout-fishing	106
Hooks	107
General observations on flies	109
Instructions for dressing flies	113
Pleasures and advantages of an angler dressing his own flies	119
Contents of the dubbing-bag	120
List of salmon-flies	122
List of hackles and winged flies for trout	125
Lists of flies for each month generally erroneous	129
Sir H. Davy's conjectures about the "reason" of a salmon taking the fly	129
Salmon when in rivers probably eat something	131
Angling apparatus	132
Baits	132

CHAPTER V.

	Page
Probable derivation of "Anglia"	136
Climate of England propitious to anglers	138
St. Wilfred probably an angler	139
List of fish chiefly caught in the lakes and streams of Britain	141
Cautionary hints to anglers	145
Angling for Salmon	147
Grey	158
Bull-trout, sea-trout, and whitling	159
Common or burn-trout	161
Brandling-trout or par	164
Char	165
Grayling	166
Guiniad, or Schelley	166
Smelts	167
Pike	167
Perch	174
Pope or Ruff	176
Barbel	176
Carp	178
Tench	179
Chub	179
Dace	180
Roach	181
Bream	183
Gudgeon	183
Bleak	184
Minnow	184
Loach	185
Bull-head, or Miller's Thumb	185
Eel	185
Burbot	189
Stickleback	190
Conclusion, from the "Secrets of Angling"	191-2

THE ANGLER'S SOUVENIR.

CHAPTER I.

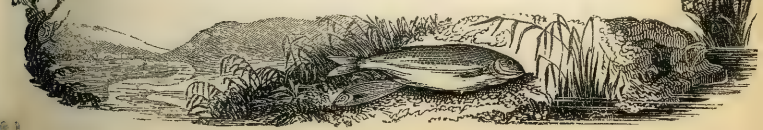
ANGLING, PRO AND CON.

"WHEN fair Aurora rising early shewes
Her blushing face beyond the eastern hils,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,
That far abroad the world with brightnesse fils;
The meadows green are hoare with silver dewes,
That on the earth the sable night distils,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The near approaching of the chearfull day.

Then let him go to river, brook, or lake,
That loves the sport, where store of fish abound,
And through the pleasant fields his journey make,
Amidst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound,
Where he may best his choice of pastime take,
While swift Hyperion runs his circle round;
And, as the place shall to his liking prove,
There still remain, or further else remove.

The Secrets of Angling, by John Dennys, Esq. 1613.

THE true secret of the Angler's purest and most lasting pleasure—whose remembrance is sweet, and anticipation exhilarating,—is discovered in the stanzas which we have prefixed as a befitting introduction to the present chapter. The practice of Angling is closely and necessarily associated with objects, the contemplation, nay, the very beholding, of which fails not to impart a pleasure to every man



whose soul is not insensible to the charms presented by the natural combination of

"Field and forest, flood and hill,
Tower, abbey, church, and mill,"—

such as our friend here will enjoy after he has landed the salmon, which has held him in work for this last hour and a half.

Though the love of angling is generally acquired in youth, yet it sometimes attacks persons of more mature age; conveys a maggot into their head, and then they dream of gentles; tickles their nose with a May-fly, and straight they talk of palmers, red and black, dun-cuts, granams, coachmen, professors, gnats, moths, March browns, and peacock hackles; shows them a salmon in a fishmonger's shop, and then they think of landing an eighteen pounder; makes them dream, speak, and think of nothing but angling; and

". . . . winna let the puir bodies
Gang about their business!"

Few persons who have been educated in the country, except the peevish or sickly, and such as have had a brute for a master, can look back upon their boyish days without bringing to mind many recollections of real, heartfelt, unalloyed pleasure; amongst which that of angling, with an episode of bathing or bird-nesting, is not the least delightful. On a fine summer afternoon —when the new-mown hay smells sweet, when the trees are in full leaf, and wild-flowers in full bloom, the corn in the ear, and the bean in blossom; when there are trout in every burn, and nests in every hedge and

thicket—happy are the school-boys who obtain a half-holiday; and few of the pleasures of life, either for present enjoyment or after-thought, exceed those of such an occasion. The kind master—masters who occasionally give such an indulgence are always kind good men—with a suppressed smile of satisfaction announces the glad tidings, and immediately retires, that he may not witness the somewhat indecorous haste with which books and slates are laid aside, and hats and caps scrambled for. Like a swarm of bees casting, they rush out of school with a joyful hum, and then, spreading themselves in groups upon the green, hold council how they shall best dispose of the portion of golden time which has been accorded to them per gratiam domini—through the kindness of the master. One party is off to the meadow, to plague the farmer by tumbling among the hay, when they pretend to assist him in tedding it; another is gone to the wood and the coppice, to cut sticks, gather flowers, and seek bird-nests; and a third has determined to try the fishing, after taking a bathe in the Friar's Pool, as they go up the burn. Those of the latter party who have rods, now produce them, and a survey and fitting of tackle take place; while such as are not so well provided set out in search of brandling worms and cad-bait; their reward for such service being a cast now and then, with the honor of carrying the fish home.

To attend our fishing-party: they have now had their bathe in the Friar's Pool; the swimmers boldly plunging in from the ledge of rocks at the head, and the

sinkers prudently confining themselves to dabbling about in the shallows at the foot. Two young ones, who would not go over-head voluntarily, were, to prevent them taking cold, thrice ducked nolens volens; and another, who would not bathe, was gently bumped against a sod-dyke. They now proceed to the serious business of the afternoon,—fishing. The strongest, as a matter of right, selecting such parts of the water as appear to them best; the weaker fishing where they can; and those who have neither rod nor line, waiting on such as have, or trying to catch minnows and loaches with their hands, or to spear eels with the prongs of an old fork stuck in a broom-stick.

Here is a chubby little fellow, in a pinafore, five last birthday, making his first essay as an angler. His rod is an untrimmed stick of hazel, which he has picked up by the way; his line a couple of yards of pack-thread; his hook one of the four old, beardless, rusty ones, which he bought as a bargain of a schoolfellow; and his bait the worms which he dug in his grandmother's garden, breaking the handle of her fire-shovel in turning up the earth. But though rude his tackle and small his skill, ere the sun set great was his reward. The water was in prime order, and the fish bit freely. He caught five minnows, and an eel twice as long as his middle finger, and almost as thick; and lost, as he affirmed and verily believed, a trout about three pounds weight, which dropped off just as he was whisking him out. This is the first step of the angler's progress; and from this day forward, when time and tide serve, will

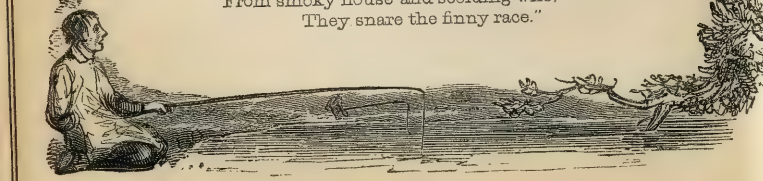
he fish by rapid stream and broad river, by highland loch and lowland mere; until, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," he relapse into childhood again.

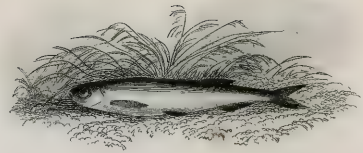
The boy who has thus auspiciously entered on his noviciate proceeds gradually until he takes a master's degree, an honor to which no one is admitted before he has performed the qualifying act of hooking and landing, without assistance, a salmon not less than fourteen pounds weight; after which he ought, on producing his testimonium, to have the entré of every angling club throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Should there be no salmon-fishing in the waters where he exercises his skill, then a jack of the same weight, also taken without assistance, or a stone and a half of trout, half a hundredweight of barbel, or a peck of dace, roach, or perch caught in a day's fair fishing, not in dock or pond, may be allowed as a qualification, speciali gratia, for the same degree. It is here to be noted that bream may be allowed instead of barbel, or be weighed with them, if taken in the same day's fishing; and that carp and tench may be weighed with trout. Eels are not reckoned; and gudgeon-fishers are always to be considered in a state of pupilage, and their take not to be admitted in proof of angling skill, either by weight, tale, or measure. Gudgeon-fishing, as Michael Angelo said of oil-painting, is only fit for women and boys. To take a salmon in fresco —that is, in a fresh or spate, as a north-country friend translates it—is the perfection of the angler's art.

Though no person, however partial to angling, and

however fond of walking, in pursuit of his sport, through pleasant meads and by rippling streams, can be entitled to the character of a skilful angler, unless he be capable of bringing home, by the fair exercise of his rod and line, a tolerable load of fish; yet it by no means follows that mere fish killers, whose practice has never extended beyond the Docks at Blackwall, the Surrey and Regent's Canals, or a mile from Islington, on the New River, are entitled to the name of anglers, in the best sense of the word. Their hands are dabbled in blood—from the butcher's tub—and fouled with the garbage with which they bait their ground; and there is the fragrance of no flowers to conceal the loathsome smell. They hear not the murmur of the stream, nor the song of birds; they see not the forest in the fulness of summer leaf, nor the meadow prankt with summer flowers. Confined, in pairs, in a punt or boat, or singly to a strip of ground some thirty feet long, the extent of their rod and line, they sit or stand for hours, the picture of despondency—their eyes never raised from their float, unless when roused by the coarse salute of a sailor or bargeman, or by the sarcastic query of "what success?" from the passer-by. Such persons, if married men, are generally those who seek relief from domestic annoyances; and who, in the words of one of their poets,

". . . . . bend their way
To streams, where far from care and strife,
From smoky house and scolding wife,
They snare the finny race."





Poor men! they only resort to this melancholy pastime in order to put their patience to the proof, and fit them for severer trials; for if the fire be not out and the wife not dead, on there return home, desperate indeed must be their condition. Gentle angler, laugh not at those persons who are thus driven to the water-side, to seek so desperate a remedy for their woes: thou knowest not what may hereafter be thy own fate. Pray that the construction of their chimneys, and the temper of their helpmates, may be amended; but if, after a twelvemonth's absence, thou again mark an unhappy man on the same spot, for pity's sake put the sufferer out of pain. Taking him by the collar of his coat and the waistband of his small-clothes, gently cast him into the water—he will have neither strength nor inclination to resist—hold him down with the but of his rod for the space of twenty minutes, and then leave him to his beloved gudgeons. Though thou canst not thus expect to gain the medal of the Humane Society, thou wilt have the pleasing consciousness of having relieved a fellow man,—I almost said a brother angler, but, with such, brother Bob is the word,—of his cares, and of having prevented him from committing suicide.

Elderly Anglers, who feel weak in the legs after a mile or two's walk, and who seat themselves on the bare ground when fishing, ought to be made acquainted with the danger which they incur in thus incautiously resting themselves; for "however dry it may seem," says an experienced bottom fisher, "many, from so doing, have experienced violent cholics, inflammations

in the bowels, &c." To guard against such disorders, it appears, from the authority above quoted, that "careful anglers provide themselves with a piece of cork or board, (which some cover with a piece of carpet.) . . . . The cork or board provided for a seat, is usually about eighteen inches long and twelve broad, which may be kept and carried in a basket, with other articles used by Anglers." This contrivance, which was good enough in its day—about ten years since—has, in consequence of the late rapid strides of science, as applied to the useful arts, been almost wholly superseded by Macintosh's patent Caoutchouc Air-cushions, which, when not inflated, may be conveniently stowed in the hat-crown, and, when wanted, can in two minutes be blown out to the size of a goodly pillow. But, as it is desirable that the angler should carry with him as few things as possible, beyond his necessary tackle, a further simplification of this "life preserver" for the sedentary angler, is here suggested; being also waterproof, it has all the general advantages of the cushion, with, it is presumed, some little comforts in addition:—to be warm as well as dry, in the part most exposed to cold and damp, is a great desideratum with the angler who wishes to enjoy

". . . . . pleasure and ease
Together mixed,—sweet recreation."

The proposed improvement has also the advantage over the cushion in these points,—it is always ready for use, and is much less liable to be lost. It is rather surprising that an invention at once so simple and

obvious should have occurred to no bottom-fisher before. It consists merely in seating the inexpressibles of the sedentary angler with caoutchouc, and lining them, according to size, with two, three, or four bosom friends—prepared rabbit-skins, so called,—which can be obtained at any glover or hosier's shop.

Though Sir Humphrey Davy, in his Salmonia, speaks lightly of the angling of "cockney fishermen, who fish for roach and dace in the Thames," yet we strongly suspect that in this school he was first initiated into the mysteries of the rod and line, and that his love of fly-fishing for trout and salmon was rather a late one. He was President of the Royal Society, and he was ambitious—sero sed serio, late though earnestly—of ranking among the first of fly-fishers. Vain hope! No man who drives out to Denham, "in a light carriage and pair of horses," to enjoy trout-fishing in a preserved stream; or who is carried into a boat on a Highlandman's back, to fish for salmon on Loch Maree, need aspire to such a distinction. Of fly-fishing, he may talk, in season and out of season,

"About it, Goddess, and about it,"

with German Professors and French Members of the Institute—but a genuine angler he never can be. The advice to anglers respecting the state of their bowels, the danger of palsy or apoplexy to be apprehended from wading, and the excess of drinking a pint of wine, savor much of the precautions and forebodings of a prudent bottom-fisher. Though there are several pas-

sages of great beauty and feeling in the Salmonia, and many observations on natural history which are highly deserving of attention, yet, notwithstanding that it has had an extensive sale, it is not a popular book. Many have read it who would not otherwise have looked into such a book, from curiosity to see what the President of the Royal Society, claiming to be one of the first scientific bodies in Europe, could say upon such a subject; and others, who are desirous of reading such works, be the author who he may, have perused it with greater avidity in consequence of the previous reputation of the author. It is of little use as an angling guide; and though the author appears to have angled in the Scottish Highlands and in Stiria, he scarcely appears to have seen any of the people of these countries, for there is nothing like a characteristic sketch of popular manners in the book. The notice of the "stout Highlander with a powerful tail, or, as we should call it in England, suite," is a poor affair; and Mr. Ornither was right in not saying a word about the Celt being "a pot-fisher, and somewhat hungry," until his tail was turned, lest he should have soused him in the pool. The sneer from the Cockney (he could be nothing else), one of a party who "have come nearly a thousand miles for this amusement," at a Highlandman as a pot-fisher, is really capital. Why, what does the Highlandman feed on?—Salmon, grouse, and red deer; and he might as well be laughed at as a pantry sportsman, because he kills the latter for his table, as sneered at because he takes his own fish. We

have known some trout and salmon fishers in our day, and the best of them were pot-fishers; not men who fished for a living, but who walked far and waded deep to bring home a prime salmon for the kettle, or a creel full of trout for the frying-pan. The author of Salmonia, who is not disinclined to let us know that he enjoyed the acquaintance of a Prince of the Blood Royal, and had lived with the great—cum magnis vixisse would form no unapt motto for the book—is more at home at Denham, within the sound of "the dressing-bell, which rings at half-past four," preparatory to dinner at five, than on the banks of a Highland loch, where the select party is annoyed by the sight of a powerful Highlandman with his tail on. Mountain lochs and streams cannot be so strictly preserved as two or three miles of stream in Buckinghamshire; nor gentlemen anglers in Ross-shire, so well fenced in from chance intruders as by the side of a brook which skirts a gentleman's pleasure-grounds within twenty miles of London.

Fly-fishing is most assuredly that branch of angling which is the most exciting, and which requires the greatest skill with the greatest personal exertion to insure success. Fly-fishing in a preserved water, where a gentleman, perchance in ball-room dress, alights from his carriage to take an hour or two's easy amusement, is no more like fly-fishing in a mountain stream,—where the angler wanders free to seek his fish where he will and take them where he can—than slaughtering pheasants, in a manner fed at the barn-door, and almost as tame as the poultry which are regularly bred in the

yard, can be compared to the active exertion of grouse-shooting. The angler who lives in the neighbourhood of, or visits even the best trout streams, has not unfrequently to walk miles, if he wishes to bring home a well filled creel, before he finds it worth his while to make a cast. When he has reached a place where trout are plentiful, and disposed to rise, his labours then only commence. He now and then hooks a large trout, which he has to keep in play for some time before he can draw him to land. The fish has run all the line out, and with strong effort is making up or down the stream; and the angler, being no longer able to follow him on the shore—for a tree, a rock, or a row of alders prevent him,—and knowing that his tackle, which towards the hook is of the finest gut, will not hold the trout, and rather than lose the speckled beauty, three pounds weight at the least, into the water he goes, up to his knees, and possibly a yard above, the first step. And thus he continues leading a sort of amphibious life, now on land, now in the water, for nearly half a day, till he has killed his creel-full, about the size of a fish-woman's pannier, with some three or four dozen besides, strung on his garters and suspended over his rod. In this guise, light-hearted—for he has reason to be proud of his success—though heavily laden, he takes his way homeward; and then does he, for the first time, note how rapidly the hours have fled. He came out about two in the afternoon, just thinking to try if the trout would rise, as there had been a shower in the morning and the water was a little colored; and he now perceives

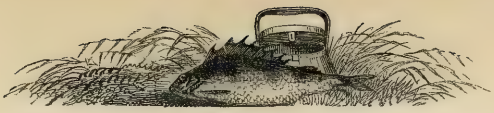
that the sun, which is shedding a flood of glory through the rosy clouds that for half an hour before partly obscured his rays, will in ten minutes sink behind the western hill, although it be the 21st of June. Involuntarily he stands for a while to gaze upon the scene. Everything around him in the solitude of the hills—for there is no human dwelling within five miles—appears quiet and composed, but not sad. The face of nature appears with a chastened loveliness, induced by the departing day; the winds are sleeping, and so are the birds—lark and linnet, blackbird and thrush: the leaves of the aspen are seen to move but not heard to rustle: the bubbling of the stream, as it hurries on over rocks and pebbles, is only heard. The angler's mind is filled with unutterable thoughts—with wishes pure, and aspirations high. From his heart he pours, as he turns towards home,

> "Thanks to the glorious God of Heaven,
> Which sent this summer day."

The exercise which the angler takes when fly-fishing is no less conducive to the health of his body, than the influence of pleasing objects contributes to a contented mind. He is up in the summer morning with the first note of the lark; and ere he return at noon he has walked twenty miles;

> ". . . . By burn and flow'ry brae,
> Meadow green and mountain grey."

and has ate nothing since he dispatched a hasty breakfast of bread and milk about four in the morning;



nor drank, except a glass of Cognac or Glenlivat, qualified with a dash of pure spring water from the stone trough of a way-side well—see it here—on his way home. When he goes to the water side, as it is more than likely that he will have to wade, he puts on a pair of lambswool socks and an extra pair in his pocket. Should his feet be wet when he leaves off fishing, he exchanges his wet socks for a pair of dry ones, and walks home in a state of exceeding great comfort; the glass which he took at the well, just after changing his socks, having sent the blood tingling to his toe ends.

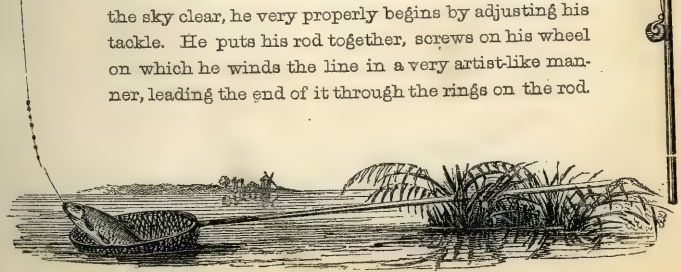
Delicate, nervous people—such fragile beings as, in country phrase, are said to be "all egg-shells"—who conceive, and very truly, from some delightful papers in Blackwood by the "old man eloquent," that fly-fishing must be a most fascinating amusement, and who think that straightway they can enjoy it in all its charms, are for the most part wofully disappointed when they come to make the trial. Fly-fishing is indeed delightful, but not to them. A poor whimsical thing—poor in Heaven's best gift, mens sana in corpore sano,—who

"Is everything by fits and nothing long,"

has persuaded himself that he would enjoy fly-fishing, and is determined to try the Wharfe, which he is informed affords good trout-fishing, the next time he visits Harrogate. Previous to leaving London, he provides himself with an excellent rod and such lines, of hair and silk, as would make the mouth of an old angler water, who spins his own from no better material than

the hairs of a cow's tail. His flies, though showy and well enough made, are not the kind for a trout, although laid within an inch of his nose by ever so fine a hand. He supplied himself at a tackle-makers, who knowing little of fly-fishing except for chub, provided his customer with a choice and extensive assortment of moths, cockchafers, and bees, with various kinds of large flies, dressed on hooks large enough to hold any salmon in Tweed.

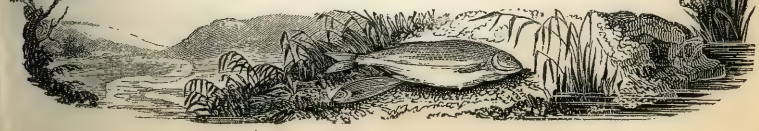
Having thus supplied himself with the means, and qualified himself in the art of killing by a diligent study of Walton, Venables, Barker, Bowlker, Williamson, Mackintosh, Bainbridge, Carrol, and others, who have treated of fly-fishing, he arrives at Harrogate about the middle of August, and in the course of a day or two proceeds to the Wharfe in the neighbourhood of Harewood, to make his first essay. Not wishing to appear as a novice, and thinking that his knowledge of the science may fairly place him on a par with any mere practical country fly-fisher, who has never read a book on the subject in his life, he asks no one's advice, but in the fullness of his own wisdom, sets about putting his theory into practice—sometimes a rather difficult affair as well in fly-fishing as in ploughing by steam. Having reached the water, which happens to be small and fine, about ten in the morning, the sun shining bright and the sky clear, he very properly begins by adjusting his tackle. He puts his rod together, screws on his wheel on which he winds the line in a very artist-like manner, leading the end of it through the rings on the rod.



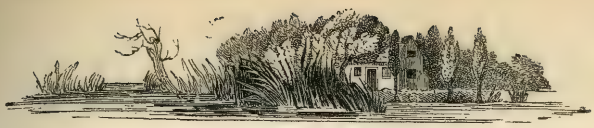
He now draws forth his book of flies, and after selecting a foot-length to which three likely flies are attached—to wit, for the stretcher a good, heavy, red-ended bee, to make the line carry well out; for the lower dropper a cockchafer, and for the upper, a very fine grey moth—he loops it to his line. Being resolved not to attempt throwing far at first, he only lets about nine yards of line off, and waving his rod with a graceful turn of the arm, he meditates a throw; and now, away the line goes!—No, not exactly yet; for the bee has been so well counterfeited that it appears to have been attracted by the flower of the thistle to whose stalk it is sticking so fast. The bee is now disengaged from the thistle, but the moth shows a partiality for broad-cloth, and adheres most pertinaciously to the collar of the gentleman's coat, which he is obliged to put off before he can free himself from the annoying insect. But he has profited already from experience, and discovered that the surest mode of throwing out the line straight before you, is first to lay it on the ground straight behind, and then, taking your rod in both hands, and holding it directly over your right shoulder, deliver the flies right in front, by a sort of over-head stroke. After this fashion does he make his first cast, and swash go the flies into the water, as if a trio of wild ducks had stooped there in full flight; and had there been a trout near, he most surely would have been killed—with fright. For an hour he continues his unsuccessful practice; but consoles himself with the thought that he will have the more to take next day. Next day comes, another

after that, but still he has caught no trout, though he has lost many flies. On the fourth day it rains, and in the forlorn hope of filling his basket while the water is rising, he ventures, without umbrella, to brave a shower—but still without success; he catches nothing but a cold. The same night he has his feet put in warm water, and takes a basin of gruel when he goes to bed. How unlike the angler proper, who has the same day been fishing in the Tweed, between Yairbridge and Melrose. He has caught four grilses, and as many dozen of trouts, from three in the afternoon till seven; and about eight o'clock, to save time and trouble, takes both dinner and supper at once; and afterwards enjoys, with Capt. Clutterbuck, a bottle of wine, drinks three tumblers of toddy, smokes two cigars, and retires to bed about eleven, to rise, like a giant refreshed, at six the next morning.

But to attend to the progress of our amateur angler's disorder.—The next morning he finds that the cold which he has caught when trying for trout, is not disposed to leave him; so he takes his coffee and reads the newspaper in bed. He gets up about two in the afternoon, rather hoarse, with a slight tickling cough, but dares not stir out, as a drizzling rain is falling. Towards evening he becomes fidgety, and wants something to read; and looking into his trunk for a book, lays his hands on Walton, which, in savage mood, he throws to the other side of the room, wishing the good old man, and all writers on angling—whom he considers



as the authors of his disorder, by tempting him to try fly-fishing—at a place where it is to be hoped no honest angler ever will be found. At night his gruel is repeated, but without any beneficial effect; for the next morning he finds himself much worse, with rather an alarming pain in his side and breast. The doctor now is sent for, who thinks he perceives inflammation of the lungs; and should his prognostic be wrong, his practice is safe; for within three hours after he of the golden-headed cane has touched his fee, the patient has been cupped between the shoulders, had a blister placed upon his chest, taken a bolus, and swallowed three draughts. He has, however, received an assurance from the doctor that he is in no danger, that is, provided he takes regularly the medicine which is sent him, has the blister renewed on the third day, and the cupping repeated at the same time. At the end of a fortnight the doctor pronounced him convalescent; and at the end of a month, declared that he might venture, by easy stages, to return to London. The access of inflammation abated his fit of fly-fishing, and he has not since been visited with another attack. Angling he now abominates, together with all who follow or teach it; and, should he ever be so fortunate as to obtain a seat in Parliament, he intends to bring in a bill to utterly abolish its practice throughout the British empire. It is not a mere wish, without experience and without perseverance, that will convert a person who has scarcely seen a trout-stream in his life into an expert fly-fisher. For the perfect enjoyment of angling, there



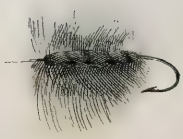
is still something required besides dexterity in the management of the rod, skill in the choice of flies, and acquaintance with the haunts of fish, and the localities of the stream. In addition to these, there must be a warm yet enduring love of angling, even though the diligent pursuit of it be occasionally attended with no reward. The mind of the angler should be fully sensible of the beauties of the scenery which are presented to him in his excursions by lake and stream; and susceptible of the heart-healing impressions which the splendor of the rising or setting sun, the rugged grandeur of rocks and craggy mountains, the milder charms of corn-fields, meadows, and woody slopes, never fail to convey to him whose better feelings are not overlayed by the filthy lucre of Mammon, nor corrupted by the principles of the modern school of heartless, counterfeit philosophy, which assumes to itself, par excellence, the title of "Utilitarian," and has discarded the old fashioned virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

"For what availes to brooke or lake to goe,
With handsome rods and hookes of every sort,
Well-twisted lines, and many trinckets moe,
To find the fish within their wat'ry fort,
If that the minde be not contented so,
But wants those gifts that should the rest support."

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES OF THE THAMES, AND ITS TRIBUTARY STREAMS, THE KENNET, THE COLNE, THE WANDLE, AND THE LEA.

THE author of "Salmonia," some six or seven years ago, declared that the glory of fly-fishing had departed from many of the streams of Scotland; but Christopher North, a much higher authority, writing within this present year, gives to all anglers a comfortable assurance that, though there is what he, "Christopher, and a Scotchman," calls first-rate angling, "in few, if any, of the dear English lakes;" and though, with your own tackle, you may angle in Crummock water, "with amorous ditties all a summer's day," and never get a rise; 'tis never so in the lochs of Scotland. But all living creatures," he thus continues, "are in a constant state of hunger in this favored country; so bait your hook with anything edible—it matters not what—snail, spider, fly—and angle for what you may, you are sure to catch it—almost as certainly as the accent or the itch." In addition to this express testimony of one so well qualified to give an opinion on this subject, we shall just quote an account of the Ettrick Shepherd's success, in little more than a mere en-passant whup at a couple of streams, the Meggat and the Fruid, when



journeying, on a pleasant April day, from his own home on Yarrow to visit a few friends who had pitched their tent, on a gipsying excursion, in the Fairy's Cleugh, on the south-eastern borders of Lanarkshire. We shall not attempt to injure, by translating, the Shepherd's delightful Doric, but quote his own words. "I couldna ken how ye micht be fennin' in the Tent for fish, so I thocht I might as weel tak a whup at the Meggat. How they lap! I filled ma creel afore the dew-melt; and as its out o' the poor o' ony man wi' a heart to gie owre fishin' in the Meggat durin' a tak, I kent by the sun it was nine-hours; and by that time I had filled a' ma pouches, the braid o' the tail o' some o' them wrappin' again ma elbows." The poet having over-ridden his horse, to make up for lost time, is obliged to wait till he gets second wind, and not to be idle, in the meantime, he trys another stream. "I just thocht I wad try the Fruid wi' the flee, and put on a professor. The Fruid 's fu' o' sma' troots, and I sune had a string. I could na hae had about me, at this time, ae way and ither, in ma several repositories, string and a', less than thretty dizzen o' troots." Now this is angling indeed, and enough to tempt an elderly Benedict, who manages to kill two brace and a half in a week's constant angling in the Colne, to desert house and home for a month's angling in the Meggat and the Fruid.

The effect produced on the mind of the angling public by such papers, in Blackwood, as Christopher at the Lakes, Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, Loch

Awe, and many others, imbued with a similar spirit, and bearing the impress of the same master hand, is extremely questionable, so far as the general interests of society are regarded. They have unsettled the minds of many. By a kind of fascination, they have allured the elderly gentleman whose annual summer trip never extended beyond Margate, to venture on a long journey to attend the Windermere Regatta, trace the course of the Duddon, or ascend Skiddaw, instead of viewing Doggett's coat and badge rowed for on the Thames, wandering by the Regent's Canal, or climbing Primrose-hill, to see Mr. Sadler's balloon go up; and even lawyers may now be seen, during the long vacation, angling for trout on Lock Awe, who formerly confined themselves to trolling for pike—fresh-water attorneys—in the river Lea. From Midsummer to Michaelmas the lakes are perfectly swarming with visitors, while trout have, in the same ratio, become scarce; and beds are scarcely to be had for love or money. It is in vain that the "contemplative man" endeavours to enjoy his meditations alone. If he ascend Skiddaw, he overtakes and passes a slow-paced, short-winded company toiling up the steep; he meets a second coming down, who have a match against time, and intend completing a tour of the lakes in four days; and the first sight that greets him, when he reaches the top, is a family party of thirteen, engaged in eating a family dinner—legs of mutton and trimmings—which boots and the hostler have carried up in a clothes-basket. Thinking to find something like solitude in the desert, he takes the

lonely road to Buttermere up Borrowdale; but still he cannot escape the lakers, who cross him at every turn of the dale. Three boats have just discharged their living freight at the head of the lake as he passes Lowdore; under the lee of the Bowder stone sits a Cambridge youth, who is studying for honors, with his tutor at his side, cramming him with choice morsels from Vince and Wood's—alas! how unlike Kay's, of the Albion—dry and insipid, though solid course. On the top, on a three-legged portable stool, is seated an artist sketching; and at the base is a member of the Geological Society, hammer in hand, chipping off specimens, which his lady carefully gathers up and deposits in her reticule—the future foundations of another new theory of the earth. At Rosthwaite greater annoyance awaits him; for there does he behold, in that heretofore quiet and secluded spot, a party of young men and maidens quadrilling it to the melancholy wailings of a pale-faced young gentleman's flute; and on arriving at Buttermere, tired, and out of humour with himself, the lakes, and their visitors, he finds that he can only be lodged in a double-bedded room, where he is entertained all night with a trombone solo, from the nose of a stout gentleman who occupies the other bed, and whose double-base quaver,—which is a repeat, con strepito, every half hour,—he vainly hopes is the effect of strangulation. Finding no delightful solitude out of doors, nor rest in his bed, he returns to town by the 1st of September; and finds, in the deserted walks and

drives of Hyde Park, that freedom from intrusion which he in vain sought among the hills.

The evil of those papers is not confined to tempting sober, quiet people, who,

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
Have kept the noiseless tenor of their way,"

—have walked in cork soles by the shady side of the Strand or Fleet Street all their lives—to set out on a wild-goose chase after the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, among hills and lakes, and then leaving them, as a Will o' the Wisp does his followers, beguiled and laughed at. It extends to others, recalling scenes which they can never again visit, and exciting longings which can never be gratified. The native of Cumberland or Westmoreland, the man of pleasant Teviotdale, or the child of the mist from the Highlands,

"Absent long and distant far,"

from the hills and streams which in boyhood he loved, who has been immured for years in a Babel of brick and mortar, is seized, on reading those papers, with a species of calenture. Recollections of the happy days of his boyhood come over his mind as he reads the page, where, in

". . . . . words that breath,"

the faithful picture is pourtrayed. The memory of dear, departed days is recalled, and a full tide of plea-

sure bursts upon his heart, to be succeeded, when the enchanting vision has passed, by a corresponding depression, when he reflects how small is the chance of his ever visiting his native place again; but that,

"Getting and spending,"

he is doomed to wear out his life in a round which affords little pleasure from reflection or from hope:

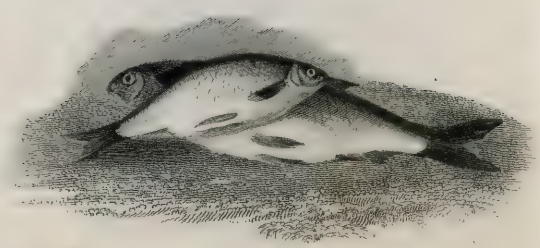
"He sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river rolls on through the vale of Cheapside.
He looks, and his heart is in Heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from his eyes."

THE THAMES.

But to give over thinking or speaking of lakes, mountains, and trout-streams, far in the "North Countree," let us take a view of the Thames, and two or three other streams, which the angler who lives in London may visit when opportunity is not afforded of taking a longer journey. We will, if you please, gentle reader, proceed upwards, making no stay until we arrive at Richmond, for at the bridges below,—Putney, Battersea, or Vauxhall,—the angler, according to an experienced brother Bob, is frequently saluted in this style by the uncivilized, who have never fished in their lives: "What sport?" "Do they bite?" "A

maggot at one end, and a fool at the other," &c.; with occasionally a handful of dirt or stone coming in the water or on your head, renders angling anything but an amusement.

Though Richmond is not famed as an angling station, yet it is "beautiful exceedingly," with its bridge, its mount, and its park; and several times, both above the bridge and below, have we enjoyed excellent sport here;—five in a punt, "the more the merrier,"—pulling up dace, roach, and perch, till the joint stock of the company amounted, in point of number and weight, if not of size and value, to something considerable, and enough to make a drift of bottom-fishers vain. In going towards Richmond Hill may be seen a votive tablet, in front of some alms-houses, founded by Bryan Duppa, bishop of Winchester, dedicated in courtly, though scarcely reverend style, "Deo et Carolo,—to God and King Charles," by the above prelate. A conjunction which, more especially if we bear in mind the depraved character of the King, Charles II., savours a little of profaneness on the part of the bishop, and would lead us to infer that he held both in equal fear and equal honor; and that he could occasionally make a sacrifice of his religion to his loyalty. The view from Richmond Hill is truly delightful, and though it has often been celebrated in verse by poets, and on canvass by painters, and though some of each class have in their delineation "o'erstepped the modesty of nature," no one, either in prose, verse, or colours, has been able to improve it, or make it seem



more lovely than it is. At the foot of the hill lies a "sunny spot of greenery," surrounded by a belt of trees extending to the river, which here flows in a bend, graceful as the arched neck of one of the swans, which, with easy motion, are cleaving its waters:

"Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that Anglers all may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river, come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing."

Looking up and across the stream,—on whose waters the heavy barge is seen slowly ascending, or the light wherry shooting swiftly down—corn-fields, woodlands, and meadows are perceived, blended in pleasing variety, and extending in a gradually softened tone of colour, till the prospect is bounded by a range of gently swelling hills. The poet Thompson,—whose beautiful description of fly-fishing, in the "Seasons," leads the reader to conclude that he must, ere he left his native streams, have been an adept in the art—lived at Richmond; but that he was accustomed to angle, during his residence here, we have not been able to learn. From his indolent habits,—eating peaches from the tree, with his hands in his breeches pockets,—we are inclined to think that he did not.

Following the course of the river, the next place above Richmond is Twickenham; between which place and Teddington Lock, considerable quantities of roach,

dace, and gudgeons are taken, as well as perch, ruff, and barbel, during the season. Pope, as is known to every one, lived at Twickenham; and once when rowing past the house, which is still standing, much enlarged and modernized, the waterman called our attention to Pope's "willa." Having heard much of the willow which the bard is said to have planted with his own hand, and cuttings of which were sent to her imperial majesty Catherine of Russia, we were wishful to obtain both a sight and a slip; and desired the man to point out, among a dozen others which shaded the margin of the stream, the identical tree. "Tree, master," replied he, "it a'n't no tree, but a house: that ere is it, what we're now a-passing right in front of." We now perceived that, from his having pronounced willa instead of villa, we had mistaken a house for a tree.

From Twickenham to Hampton Court is a pleasant walk of three miles, the road leading for upwards of a mile through Bushey Park, between a noble avenue of lofty trees; but the most preferable course for the angler to take, who wishes to enjoy two or three days' fishing between Hampton Court and Richmond, is to proceed direct to the former place, and thence fish downwards by Thames Ditton, Kingston, and Twickenham, to Richmond Bridge. This part of the Thames, though scarcely affording so good angling as between Hampton Court and Chertsey, is far superior in picturesque beauty; and he who has sailed down it on a fine summer evening—when the setting sun, casting a farewell glance through the rosy clouds, sheds a

mellow glow upon the waters, and when all is so still that you may hear the clank of the boatman's oar for a mile—notes it at the time with a white stone; and ever after, as often as it recurs to his mind, dwells upon its recollection with pleasure.

A mile above Hampton Court lies Hampton, a pleasant village, in the neighbourhood of which there is generally as good angling for gudgeons, dace, roach, perch, chub, ruff, and barbel, as the Thames affords; and the same may be said of Walton, Shepperton, and Chertsey. About thirty-two years ago, the late Sir William Hamilton used frequently to visit Hampton, for the sake of angling in the Thames, and Nelson occasionally took a seat in the punt beside him, and looked on while the old ambassador pursued his sport. Laleham and Staines, yet higher up the river, are also visited by anglers from London. In fact there is scarcely a village in which there is a decent public-house, on each side of the Thames from Richmond to Henley, that is not visited by anglers from London in search of their favorite amusement.

From Staines to Windsor, is a walk of six miles, through Egham, and across Runnemede, so famed in English history as the place where the barons obtained from King John, a reluctant signature to Magna Charta. On the 29th of August last, we took this road, intending to look through Windsor Castle, and have two or three hours' barbel-fishing between Eton and Datchett. The sun had not been up more than an hour when we crossed the famous mead, which, in

consequence of Egham races, was partly covered with tents, as if another army had encamped there: and we heard, with something like surprise and incredulity, from a countryman who was going to his work, that one of the stewards was a namesake of a distinguished character in John's reign—Hubert de Burgh. A vision of Queen Constance, and young Arthur, and Falconbridge, and Cardinal Pamphilo, with the rest of the principal characters of Shakspeare's play, came across our mind; and we were only aroused from our reverie on beholding the flag flying from the round tower of Windsor Castle, which, lighted by the morning sun, rose proudly above the old oaks in the Park. Not only an angler, from a day-dream, but

> "St. George might waken from the dead,
> To see gay England's banner fly!"

About half a mile below Eton there is good fishing for barbel, in the eddies close by the bank, and there also trouts are sometimes caught, from two to three pounds weight, but not so frequently as induce an angler to try expressly for them. An old angler, who fishes there regularly, caught four this last season, which had taken his worm when fishing for barbel.

Considering the opportunities afforded for angling in the Thames, and the worthy example set by a former provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, it is not surprising that the Eton boys should be lovers of the pleasing art. A good example once set, in a

place of education, long continues to be followed; and one generation emulates another, in the cultivation of a science or art which has taken deep root in an university or college, under the care of those whose memory is honored. Oxford produces men upon whom the Muses smile, and whose minds are imbued with the poetry and the eloquence of Greece and Rome; and Cambridge sends forth her sons skilful to expound the problems of Euclid and Archimedes, to analyse the complicated relations of numbers and curves, to observe the revolutions of the planets, and calculate the distance of the stars. Sir Henry Wotton, who died in 1639, was appointed provost of Eton by James I. in reward for his services when ambassador at Venice. In one of his journeys through Germany he inscribed in an album an indiscreet Latin version of a good English pun: "An ambassador is a person of honour sent to lie abroad, for the good of his country." Sometime afterwards this sentence, which has not in the Latin version the pair of handles which it has in English, was extracted by a scurrilous "literary Ishmaelite" of the day, the Jesuit Scioppius, who published it, with a bitter commentary, as the text of the deliberate policy of the British court. James, who was much annoyed by the aspersions which were thus cast upon him, required from Sir Henry an explanation of the circumstance; and on being made acquainted with the punning English original, and being assured that the writing in the album was inserted merely as a jest, he forgave the ambassador,

after warning him to be more careful of scattering his wit in future. Sir Henry,—whose life is written by his friend good old Izaak Walton,—when he was upwards of seventy years of age, composed, "as he sate quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a fishing," those verses on the return of Spring which are inserted in the first chapter of Walton's "Complete Angler." Sir Henry, after having lived long in the busy world, and seen much of the intrigue, the restlessness, and the anxiety of a court life, declared that he had at length learnt: "Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo." A truth which doubtless the calm pleasures of angling very materially contributed to impress upon his mind

Proceeding up the Thames, Maidenhead, Marlow, and Henley afford excellent accommodation for the angler; and the Thames, in the neighbourhood of all the three places, is well stocked with fish. The river near Henley, presents a beautiful expanse of water, and the amusement of rowing and boat-sailing, in addition to angling, may be enjoyed here to great advantage. The surrounding country is also extremely pleasant; and between Windsor and Oxford we are acquainted with no place where the angler can spend a week with greater pleasure.

From the village of Dorchester, where a small stream, called the Tame, runs into the Thames, the river up to Oxford, and for some miles above, is commonly called the Isis. This name, according to Dr. Aikin, is only the ancient name of Ouse latinized, and unknown to the inhabitants of its banks, who call the

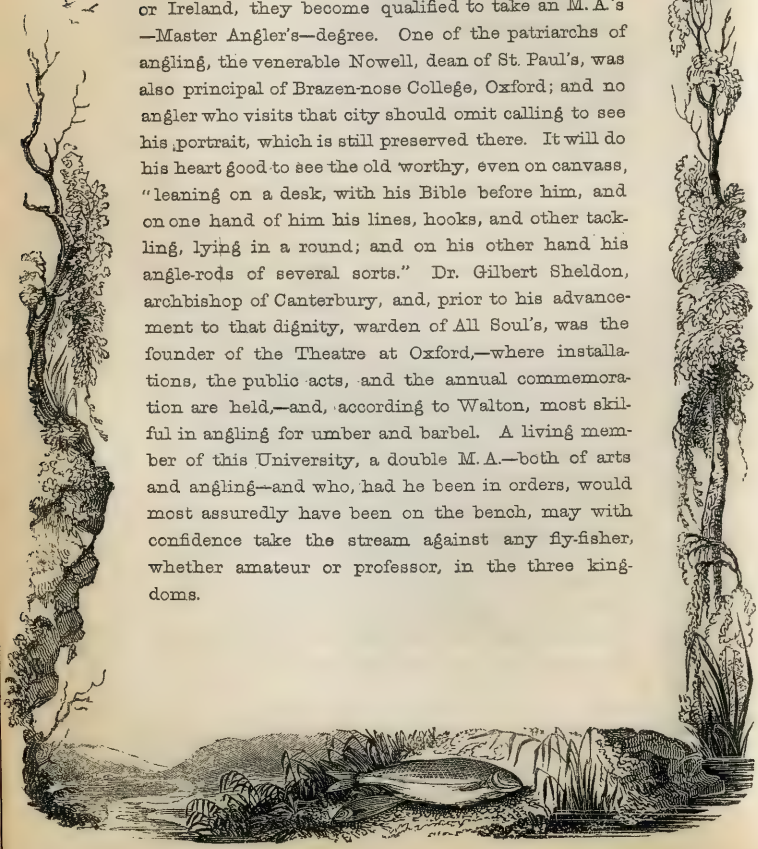
principal river the Thames, up to its very head. Large trout and carp are occasionally taken in the deep pools above the lock, about a mile to the west of Dorchester.

The banks of the Thames, in the vicinity of Dorchester, afford better opportunities of fishing from the shore than in the neighbourhood of Hampton, Richmond, or Henley; and there the patient angler, who combines the utile et dulce, by obtaining a two days' supply of fish in following an amusement which he loves, may be observed, seated on the shore, committing havoc among the scaly fry; and while eating by snatches a frugal dinner, brought him by his little son, still keeping an eye to his rod.

The village of Pangbourn, situated near a small stream of the same name, a short distance from the Thames, and about five miles above Reading, is a good angling station. Here are two respectable inns; and a person of the name of Ford, who is well acquainted with the best fishing-ground in the neighbourhood, is always ready to lend his services, for a small reward, to the angler who is a stranger to the place. Fly-fishing may be pursued here with success from April to the end of August, in the stream which runs past the village; and, should the angler be unsuccessful in this, he can take revenge on the dace, roach, and perch of the Thames, of which there is, near to Pangbourn, no scarcity.

The Isis, as the main stream is called, and the Cherwell, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, contain

pike, roach, and perch, in great abundance; and afford the young collegians who are still in statu pupillari ample opportunity of gradually improving themselves, till, after a season's fishing in Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, they become qualified to take an M. A.'s —Master Angler's—degree. One of the patriarchs of angling, the venerable Nowell, dean of St. Paul's, was also principal of Brazen-nose College, Oxford; and no angler who visits that city should omit calling to see his portrait, which is still preserved there. It will do his heart good to see the old worthy, even on canvass, "leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and on his other hand his angle-rods of several sorts." Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, and, prior to his advancement to that dignity, warden of All Soul's, was the founder of the Theatre at Oxford,—where installations, the public acts, and the annual commemoration are held,—and, according to Walton, most skilful in angling for umber and barbel. A living member of this University, a double M. A.—both of arts and angling—and who, had he been in orders, would most assuredly have been on the bench, may with confidence take the stream against any fly-fisher, whether amateur or professor, in the three kingdoms.



THE KENNET.

The trouts of the Kennet,—a river which rises not far from Marlbro' in Wiltshire, and after passing through Berkshire, by Hungerford, Newbury, and Reading, runs into the Thames,—are deservedly celebrated both for size and quality. That part of the water which is common, unfortunately for the angler, is much netted; and the rest, which runs through gentlemen's grounds, is mostly preserved. In the neighbourhood of Reading, trouts are scarce, and it is not worth any person's while to visit this town, for the sake of angling in the Kennet. About Newbury they are more plentiful; and he who can throw lightly a long line, may here, during the months of May, June, and July, in the course of a day's fishing, take a dozen or a dozen and a half of trout,—veritable yellow fins, which might excite the admiration of a North-countryman, and would weigh as much as three times the number caught in the mountain streams of Cumberland, or the Border. Trout, weighing from two to three pounds, are frequently caught, and larger ones, from four to seven pounds weight, are not uncommon. A large trout, estimated at twelve pounds weight,—an abatement of perhaps fifty per cent., and sometimes more, ought to be made on the estimated weight of all uncaught fish,—took up his quarters in a deep pool which did

not admit of netting, near Newbury, last summer, and though frequently tempted, both by night and by day, with the most alluring flies and killing baits, he continued uncaught when we heard from an angling friend at Newbury, on the 2d September, who wrote to say that the day before he had shot five brace of birds, and in the evening killed just half as many trout.

The householders of Hungerford, nine miles above Newbury, have the right, by virtue of a grant from John of Gaunt it is said, of fishing in the Kennet, for a certain distance above and below the town. The water, to the extent of their privilege, is at present rented by a person of the name of Rozier, who nets it, and gains a living by selling the fish. A stranger, however, who wishes to try a cast here, may obtain liberty on paying a small sum to the renter. The town liberty, upwards, extends to the grounds of Mr. Pearce, of Chilton Lodge; and his property again, higher up, is joined by that of General Popham, of Littlecote. The fish are strictly preserved by these gentlemen; and no person is allowed to angle in their respective waters without leave. The skilful fly-fisher, who is so fortunate as to obtain permission to fish to the extent of both these gentlemen's liberties, will have little reason to envy those who go farther for their amusement, and perchance fare worse. Gay, the poet, who was also a fly-fisher, is said to have frequently angled in this stream, when staying at Amesbury, in Wiltshire,

the seat of his patron the Duke of Queensbury. The Kennet is a clear stream, running over a bottom of chalk and gravel, in some places weedy, but never like many streams in the north, hurrying with noisy speed over a bottom of large pebbles or fragments of rock. In the neighbourhood of Hungerford, where the face of the country is more diversified with rising ground than lower down, it is likely to remind the angler, who has fished in that stream, of the Derwent, between Malton and East Ayton, in Yorkshire.

A small stream, called the Lambourn, which runs into the Kennet below Newbury, occasionally affords good angling; and we have heard of some large trout being killed between Newbury and Eastbury. But this is a capricious stream, which, having its source in the chalky wolds above the village of Lambourn, is — like another which we are acquainted with, in a different part of the country, but rising in and traversing a similar soil,—in some seasons almost dry. When it is full, we have heard an angler say, who knows both streams, that he prefers it to the Kennet. About twenty years ago, from a pond at Welford House, on the banks of the Lambourn, the seat of Mr. Hoblyn, a trout is said to have been taken which weighed twenty-four pounds. We have had no opportunity of ascertaining the truth of this report, but we very much suspect its accuracy; and are disposed to think that those who weighed this trout must have used the

same set of weights and scales as were used to weigh Colonel Thornton's large tench, which was taken at the bottom of an old well at Thornville Royal, about thirty years ago.

THE COLNE.

The river Colne, between Longford and Burr's Mill, up the stream, a distance of four miles, contains fine trout, and would afford excellent sport to the fly-fisher were it not so much netted. But here, except in the neighbourhood of two or three mills, the fish are never allowed a week's grace; and it is only an angler who lives on the spot, and has opportunity of observing where the trouts lie, that has any chance of success. Large trouts are sometimes taken here with the fly; and, in June last, a prime one, weighing seven pounds and a quarter, was caught near Longford, by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, after an hour's struggle. Each householder in Harmondsworth, a village a short distance above Longford, has the privilege of netting the river three times a week; and the copyholders of the manor of Drayton, two miles higher up, have the same liberty. Each person may take with him to the water as many strangers as he pleases, and allow them to use his nets, provided he remain with them; and sometimes the mortified angler, just as

he comes in sight of the pool where he had ascertained, the night before, that some prime trouts were lying, perceives that a party of strangers—both to the parish and the love of angling—are engaged in netting it, with the native Goth who leads them on, standing dry-shod on the bank, directing their operations.

> "O that some fowler passing by
> Would with his long duck-gun let fly,
> Hit them between the hip and thigh,
> And drive them from the water!"

In the neighbourhood of two of the mills above Drayton the water is preserved, and permission to angle is not easily obtained. Below Burr's Mill, in particular, there are at all times fine trout; and the angler who should obtain leave to fish from here uninterruptedly to Longford, would seldom have reason to complain of want of success. The greatest inconvenience which attends the fly-fisher in the neighbourhood of London, is that he is mostly confined to a limited space, and has not opportunity of trying a sufficient extent of water; while, in distant parts of the county, he has the stream free for miles, with ample scope to fish in rapid, pool, or slack, as he may find the fish disposed to rise. For often, as is known to every fly-fisher, trout may be caught in pools, where the water runs with a gentle current and rather deep, when they will not look at the fly where the water runs more rapidly, and

where, at other times, the angler is most certain to meet with success. The fly-fisher who is confined to a piece of water of one character, though well stocked with trout,—for instance, where the stream runs in an uniformly gentle current for a couple of miles,—will be more frequently disappointed of his sport than one who fishes a stream of greater variety, though the fish may not be so plentiful. This part of the Colne also contains pike, roach, perch, and the finest dace of any stream within twenty miles of London. The Trout Inn, at Drayton, is frequently visited by anglers from the metropolis, for the sake of pike-fishing, which is here at the best from the middle of September to the middle of November. The country is flat and low, and the breadth of a field is commonly the extent of the prospect. Except the ivy-mantled tower of Drayton church, there is not much to fill a leaf in the Angler's sketch-book, to make amends for a light creel.

Denham, a village near the Colne, about two miles from Uxbridge, has, from Sir Humphry Davy's account, in the "Salmonia," of his angling there, acquired a high character in the annals of fly-fishing; but there is neither free nor subscription water, and a day's fishing can only be obtained by permission of some one of the gentlemen through whose property it flows, and by whom it is strictly interdicted to intruders. Besides the Colne, another stream runs past Denham, through the grounds of Mr. Drummond, at Denham Fishery; and of

Mr. Way, Denham Place—now occupied by Joseph Bonaparte, Count Survilliers, waiting, it is presumed, until the shuffling of the political cards of Europe shall afford him an opportunity of playing a trump, and taking the lead either in France or Spain. This, though a small, is a capital trout-stream, and affords excellent angling, as the fish are both plentiful and large. It was a rule with the late Mr. Drummond, that all trout hooked in his water under two pounds should be set free again. This we think rather too strict, and are of opinion that no trout weighing one pound should be returned to the water, let him be caught where he may. Two-pounders are not so numerous anywhere, that we know of, as to justify a prudent angler in liberating one of less weight, in order that he may grow bigger, and return when he has attained the proper size to be caught again. For an illustration of this opinion the reader is referred to the fable of the "Angler and the Little Fish." On this stream, as on the Wandle, the May-fly does not make its appearance. Denham Court, on the east of the village of Denham, which, when in the possession of Mr. Thompson, used to be visited by the Duke of York and Sir Humphrey Davy, for the sake of fly-fishing in the Colne, is now the property of Mr. Hamlet, the silversmith, who frequently allows gentlemen who are known or introduced to him, a day's fishing in his grounds. For those who are so fortunate as to obtain the entrée of those preserves, there is

certainly no water within thirty miles of London where so many trouts are to be caught. Higher up the Colne, in the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, is a subscription water, which affords tolerably good fly-fishing; but the trouts are not so large there as in the lower part of the stream.

THE WANDLE.

A small stream, which contributes to form the Wandle, at Carshalton, runs through Croydon; and in a pond at Waddon-mill head, about a mile below that town, are some large trout; but though the angler should get leave to fish for them, it would be but waste of time to make the attempt, as they are only to be caught by netting or with night-lines. They are too full-fed,—probably with the small worms from the mud generated by the off-scourings of Croydon,—and too shy, to take anything that the angler has to offer them in daylight. We were standing one May morning, by the bank a little below the mill, conjecturing if there might be a trout in the water which runs from the mill-tail, and were preparing our tackle, for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, when a miller came up, of whom we made enquiry. "O yes," was his answer, "there are trouts in this water, two or three; and for this last fortnight ever so many people have been here from Croydon, trying

to catch them." Not wishing to deprive a whole parish of amusement for the season, we replaced on our hat the triplet of flies, which would have tempted any trout to take them,—and die with pleasure,—whose hours of rest and of feeding had for a fortnight been interrupted by frightful visions of winged and feathered things, neither insect nor bird, with now and then a devil proper, thrown at him from something like a hop-pole.

The stream having increased considerably in its course from Croydon, passes the village of Beddington, and runs through Beddington Park, where the water is preserved, and contains plenty of trout, which, escaping from time to time, afford an excellent supply to the subscription water of Mr. Brown, at Wallington, a short distance lower down. The number of subscribers to this water is limited to fifteen, at three guineas each, from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. At Carshalton it is increased by several streams, which rise from a chalky soil near that village; and from thence to where it runs into the Thames, a little below Wandsworth, it is called the Wandle. "The Wandall Trout," says W. Folkingham, Gent. in his Art of Survey, 1630, "is held in high esteeme;" and we, in 1834, with the taste of one of them yet on our palate, declare that they deserve to be so still. One of the principal springs which form the Wandle, rises in the grounds of Mr. Reynolds at Carshalton. The spring-head is arched over; but at the head of the pond into which it runs,

several little jets may be seen bubbling up through the sand and gravel at the bottom. The water of this spring, which is soft, and pleasant to the taste is never discoloured by heavy rains, but in all seasons flows equally clear. During the summer-months its quantity is diminished, though in a very small degree, unless in seasons of extreme drought. Within three hundred yards of its source, it turns the wheel of a large mill. A spring at Carshalton, neatly covered with stone, and provided with an iron ladle,—for the benefit of the poor and thirsty traveller who has not wherewithal to purchase a draught of ale,—is called by the inhabitants "Boleyn's Well," in consequence, as we were informed by an old lady, of Anne Boleyn, when she was residing at Beddington Park, always having her tea made with water from this spring. There is most certainly a mistake in this with respect to the tea, which, as any gentleman who has read the Penny Magazine knows, was not introduced into this country until upwards of a hundred years after Anne Boleyn was beheaded. As, in her days, court ladies and maids of honor scarcely ever drank water, but diluted their solid meals with a flaggon of double ale, or a quart of Gascony, it is most likely that Anne used this water—which is said to be powerful in improving the complexion—to wash herself.

Between Wallington and Mitcham there is good angling in the early part of summer; but as there is no free water, a stranger need not expect any fish-

ing here without leave. Perhaps the best part of the Wandle for fly-fishing is that which runs through Sir John Lubbock's grounds, near Mitcham, where the water, it is almost needless to say, is preserved, and leave to angle only granted to the friends of the owner. In the lower part of the stream, where the liberty of Angling is less restrained, trout almost wholly disappear, while dace and roach become more abundant.

THE LEA.

The River Lea is, within twenty miles of London, more frequently flogged, or rather whipped, by "Brother Bobs" than any other stream of similar extent in the kingdom. From year to year the fish have no rest; in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, you will always meet with some one fishing in the Lea, except when it is frozen over. Nor have the fish even the benefit of a Sunday's rest; but on that day, between June and October, are more especially annoyed by the drifts of self-styled "hanglers," who come from London to enjoy a Sunday's fishing. Here may be seen Jews, Gentiles, and Quakers,—all sects are tolerated on the Lea, provided the subscription be paid,—in friendly neighbourhood, enjoying their favorite sport, and forgetting, at least for one day in the week, their religious differences. The epithet broad-brim scarcely can be applied with

propriety to the hat of the young "Friend," who is moved to absent himself from the meeting for the sake of fishing in the Lea; and his coat, cucumber no longer, is distinguished by the style of its cut, showing the skill of the "artiste," who could thus equip a quaker in a garment of the first fashion, without subjecting him to expulsion from the Society. Those who reside in a distant part of the country, but more especially the people of Scotland, will be surprised to learn that on a Sunday, during the summer, there is more angling in the Lea, from Stratford to Broxbourn, than on any other day in the week. Then may be seen persons of all ages, from the urchin just breeched to the old and slippered pantaloon, practising angling in all its cockney varieties; whipping, dabbing, bobbing, and bottom-fishing, with flies, maggots, paste, and worms. The gentleman who is well to do in the world leaves his wife and family, and drives to Broxbourn or Hoddesdon in his "one-horse shay;" others, not quite so well off, take a shilling ride by the short stages to Tottenham or Edmonton; and the less wealthy, though equally respectable, trudge out with rod on shoulder, and bait-pan in hand, to enjoy the free fishing between Lea Bridge and Tottenham, well supplied with brains from the sheep's head, — purchased on the Saturday night for Sunday's dinner,— which they chew raw,* and spit into the water as

* The brains are to be chewed and spit out of your mouth into the water, as ground-bait, to entice the Chub.—*Salter's Angler's Guide, page* 70. *Edit.* 1830.

ground-bait. But, as we at this moment feel an unpleasant sensation in the stomach, we must be excused from entering further into this subject at present, which is disgusting to both man and beast, and tolerable only to a cockney angler. Were such enormities perpetrated on a Sunday in Scotland, the offender would be "jure lapidatus"—justly stoned; and a cannibal, with his mouth smeared with blood and brains, would soon be smelt out and torn to pieces by the shepherd's collies, as a worrier of sheep;—and on good grounds too, for does he not look like a wolf, an unclean ravening animal, in the face?

The Lea, in the neighbourhood of Ware, is memorable as being the scene of the fishing exploits of "honest Izaak Walton;" but an angler of his stamp is as unlikely now to be seen stretching his legs up Tottenham Hill, on a fine fresh May morning, as an otter-hunter walking on to take his morning draught at the Thatched House, Hoddesdon, in his way to meet a pack of otter dogs at Amwell Hill. Two-horse coaches, leaving Bishopsgate Street every hour, for "Tottenham! Edmonton! Waltham! Hoddesdon! Ware!" as the cads, with uplifted finger, announce, were not known in the days of Walton; and the angler who then wished for a day's amusement twenty miles from town, was obliged to use his own legs. The vulgarity of walking twenty miles, even if a person were able, is, in the present age of refinement—of omnibuses, cabs, rail-roads, and steam-

coaches—very properly ridiculed; and no native angler under fifty is now to be found in the whole realm of Cockaigne who ever walked twenty miles in one day, either on business or pleasure, in his life. Pretty milk-maids, like Maudlin, who can sing you a choice song by Kit Marlow, no longer dwell on the banks of the Lea. Ale-houses, cleanly enough, you may find between Stratford and Ware, but not one with twenty ballads stuck about the wall: nay, in the principal houses on the Lea, which are resorted to by Anglers, there is not a portrait of Walton to be seen. The mere cockney angler knows nothing of Walton; and is utterly incapable of appreciating his beauties. "Barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds," can scarcely be so good or so inspiring as in the days of Walton; since few of the anglers of the Lea now drink it, like their honest and amiable predecessors, in the evening, after their day's sport, but cheer their spirits with kindred ether—six-pennyworths of gin and water.

The London angler's excursions on the Lea seldom extend beyond the Rye House, about half a mile to the north-east of Hoddesdon; and the inn there, the King's Arms, is certainly the most pleasantly situated of all the houses frequented by anglers on that river. The accommodations are also good; and he who would wish to try a few days' fishing in the Lea, cannot take up his quarters at a

better house. The landscape is here pleasing, though not grand nor striking. To the south-east the view is bounded by a hilly ridge, well covered with wood, between which and the river lies a tract of low flat pasture, verdant even during the long droughts of summer, when the sward in upland places is parched and brown. The Lea is indeed particularly distinguished by similar tracts of pasture and low meadow-land, extending from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, in nearly the whole of its course between Hertford and the Thames. On a fine summer evening, when there is a mellow ambery light in the sky, a group of the numerous cattle which are fed in these pastures—some drinking, others looking vacantly round them at the river side, where a few low stunted willows or alders overhang the water,—frequently present a scene of calm repose, without glare and without darkness, which Cuyp alone has succeeded in truly representing on canvass. Cooper and Edwin Landseer are at the head of their profession as animal painters, and we should like much to see some of their greater works — combats on horseback, and scenes in the Highlands—occasionally relieved by a cattle piece, on the banks of the Lea, somewhere between Broxbourn and Amwell.

The extent of the water at the Rye-house is about a mile and a half, from the Black Pool to the Tumbling Bay, and is free to gentlemen frequenting the inn. The subscription to others is two guineas

a-year, or half-a-crown for a day's fishing. It contains most of the fish commonly taken in the Lea, such as bleak, gudgeons, roach, dace, chub, perch, and pike, and two or three trout are sometimes caught in a season. In one of the rooms of the inn are two drawings of trout taken in this water. One, which is tolerably well coloured, bears the artist's name, W. Kilburn, 1779, but no particulars as to weight; the other, as we learn from an inscription at the bottom, was "taken by W. Leverton, in Shepherd's Water, the Rye, 4th June, 1803. Length 22 inches, weight 5 lbs." The lucky angler, we believe, belonged to one of the London regiments of volunteers, and came down to the Rye-house to enjoy himself with a day's fishing, instead of marching with his regiment to Wormwood Scrubs, to fire a feu-de-joie in honour of George the Third's birth-day. The parlours of two or three other "Anglers' inns," lower down the river, are also graced with drawings of large trout, weighing from five to eight pounds, which have been taken in the water belonging to the house which they ornament. None of them, however, appear to have been captured within the last or the present reign, but have been taken

". . . . . when George the Third was king."

Though at every "Angler's inn," apocryphal accounts are current of large trout—of five to eight pounds weight—being caught each season in the adjoining water, yet the fortunate angler who has performed the feat is never to be met with. A trout,

weighing seven pounds, was killed—by a blow from a mill-wheel—in the Lea, in the spring of 1834; and every innkeeper, from Hertford to Blackwall, is ready to swear that it was caught with a fly in his water. Old Tim Bates, of Waltham, who certainly has the eyes of a lynx for seeing through water, declares that he frequently sees trout as long as your arm, and weighing at least a dozen pounds, playing about; but on such occasions he is, as he says, so unlucky as to be always alone. In plain truth, the Lea is good for nothing as a trout-stream; and though, during the season, in a course of twenty miles, three or four dozen may be taken, by the same number of anglers, who always try for a trout whenever they are informed where one lies; yet he who goes out to the Lea expressly for the sake of angling for trout, will be very likely to return disappointed, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The next time any gentleman succeeds in taking two "brace" of trouts in one day, no matter how small they may be, the proprietor of the water where they are caught ought to publish the fact in the Gazette.

About two miles below the Rye-house, is Page's, the "Eel and Pike," which used to be much frequented by anglers, and to which there belongs about a mile of water, free to those who frequent the house. A mile lower down than Page's, is the Crown, Broxbourn Bridge, a house which is respectably conducted, and where the angler will meet with comfortable quarters; always provided that he is not a stranger,

who drops in on a Saturday night, for then every bed is engaged, and room occupied by the regular customers of the house, who come from London on the Saturday evening, in order to be at their favorite "swim" betimes on the Sunday morning. Those who take their refreshment at the house have the liberty of fishing in the water belonging to it, which extends nearly two miles. Tickets, at a guinea each, for Weston's Subscription Water, King's Weir, lower down the river, may be had here. This water—which is the most streamy of any in the Lea—in addition to that of the Crown, affords a good chance of sport; and the angler who is in the habit of visiting Broxbourn, will do well to become a subscriber. Between Weston's and Waltham Abbey there is another subscription water, where leave to angle may be obtained on the same terms. In the government water, both above and below Waltham Abbey, angling is prohibited; and the next subscription water, lower down the river, is that known as Shury Carpenter's, where the privilege of angling is also to be obtained on payment of a guinea per annum. The annexed engraving represents Flander's Weir, on this water. To this succeeds Cook's Ferry, a subscription water, extending about a mile each way, above and below the house. The subscription for trolling and angling here is a guinea per annum; and to angle, only half that sum. Lower down are the Blue House and Hughe's, Ferry-House, Tottenham Mills, both subscription waters. From the termination of the latter

to the Lea Bridge, the fishing is free; and there is certainly no want of non-subscribers to avail themselves of the liberty. The Horse and Groom, at Lea Bridge, and the White House, between there and Stratford, are both frequented by anglers, but the water in their vicinities do not contain so many nor so large fish as are taken higher up. The Lea is fished to its very mouth, at Blackwall; but few persons angle below Stratford who have opportunity of going higher up. The angler here, as we learn from an excellent authority, "is continually annoyed by the many passengers, as to 'What sport?' 'Do the fish bite?' and other rude interrogations." Blackwall certainly is not a polite neighbourhood; and the sensitive angler, tremblingly alive to insult as his float to a bite, has but too often his feelings wounded by impertinent queries and vulgar sarcasms. But, while suffering under such inflictions, let the victim remember: "Hope and Patience support the Fisherman."

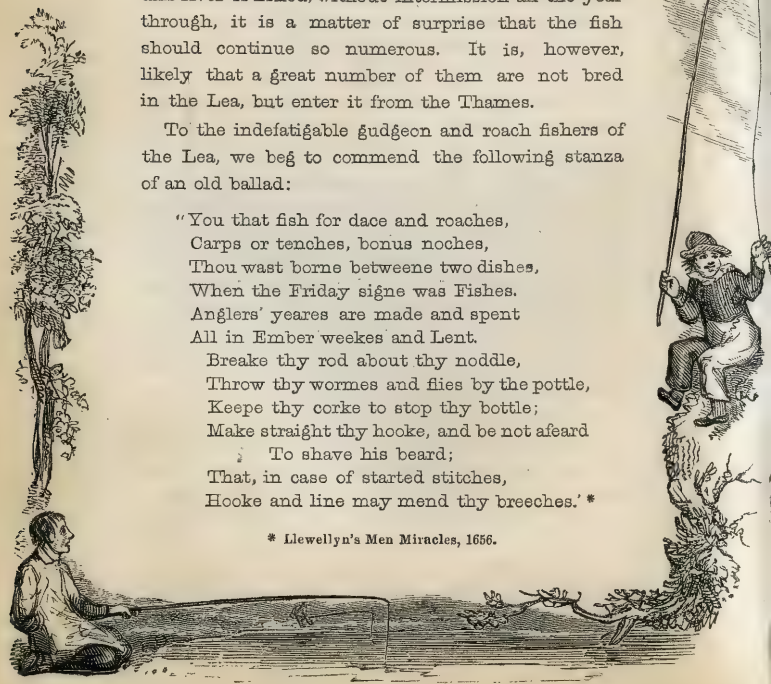
In most of the subscription waters above mentioned the subscriber is not allowed to fish in what manner he pleases, but is restricted in his use of live and spinning baits to particular months. Trout, as has been observed, are seldom caught in the Lea, and barbel are not often taken above Broxbourn. The Lea, during the season, affords tolerably good trolling for jack; and is well supplied with bleak, gudgeons, roach, dace, perch, and chub; and he who is fond of angling for such fish—inest sua gratia parvis — will scarcely find a better river. Indeed

there is no river of its extent in the kingdom which contains a greater variety of the fish which are sought after by the angler. The salmon sometimes enters the Lea; and there are taken in it trout, pike, perch, barbel, carp, tench, roach, dace, chub, bream, bleak, minnows, loach, gudgeons, flounders, and eels. Though the fish mostly caught are not of the first quality—of such, gudgeons being the best—yet the quantity is considerable. Seeing how assiduously this river is fished, without intermission all the year through, it is a matter of surprise that the fish should continue so numerous. It is, however, likely that a great number of them are not bred in the Lea, but enter it from the Thames.

To the indefatigable gudgeon and roach fishers of the Lea, we beg to commend the following stanza of an old ballad:

"You that fish for dace and roaches,
Carps or tenches, bonus noches,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Friday signe was Fishes.
Anglers' yeares are made and spent
All in Ember weekes and Lent.
Breake thy rod about thy noddle,
Throw thy wormes and flies by the pottle,
Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle;
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard
To shave his beard;
That, in case of started stitches,
Hooke and line may mend thy breeches." *

* Llewellyn's Men Miracles, 1656.



CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING AT THE RYE-HOUSE.

HAVING occasion to be in London, with a view to forwarding the publication of the Angler's Souvenir, we went out to the Lea, about the 1st of October last, to have a day's fishing, in company with two friends—Mr. William Simpson, of the firm of Simpson and Co., a native of, and resident in, the great city; and Mr. Alexander Tweddell, a far-away cousin of our own, who happened to be in London on a visit from the north. After a tolerable day's sport, we spent the evening at the Rye House, when the conversation, as might be supposed, was chiefly about angling. As none of the party expected that the evening discourse would be made public, each was unprepared to make a display; but just followed the ball of conversation as it was bandied about, without detaining it until he had delivered himself of a long set speech, which possibly might have been in preparation for a month, and found, on being held forth, to be both stale and dry. A gentleman of the press, who, like ourselves, had come out to have a day's fishing, at this dull time of the year, when parliament is not sitting, and nothing interesting hatched either at home or abroad, happened to occupy the small parlour—which was only separated from that in

which we were seated by a wooden partition,—and heard the whole of our conversation, which, as he had no company, he carefully took down in short-hand, in the regular way of business, intending to interweave a few of his own graces, and show up the party in a newspaper or magazine, just as he might feel himself in the humour to cut down or extend the article. He left betimes in the morning, to save the seven o'clock coach at Hoddesdon, after giving to the waiter the following note, with orders to deliver it at breakfast-time, addressed,

"To the Piscatory Trio, Rye-House."

"Gentlemen,

"Happening last night to occupy the small parlour adjoining that in which you held your piscatory session, I was an auditor, malgre moi, of the whole of your conversation; of which, as I was alone and had nothing better to do, I took ample notes, in a professional way, with a view of furnishing either a quizzical report for the —— Newspaper, or a sprightly article for the —— Magazine, as fancy might suggest on re-examination of my materials.

"I do not, however, wish to act towards you with incivility, more especially as the young Scotchman, when I met him at the water-side yesterday, was so kind as to offer me a cigar from his box, when, seeing that he had steel and tinder with him, I only asked for a light—an instance of liberality which, unless

I had witnessed it myself, I should scarcely have believed one of his nation would have afforded. I therefore beg to make you the first offer of a fair transcript of my notes for the sum of five pounds; which is much less than I could obtain for them after a few heightening touches of my own—placing a cap and bells on each of your heads, or putting a few good puns into your mouths—and serving your conversation up to the public through either of the channels aforesaid.

"Should I not hear from you by to-morrow afternoon, I shall conclude that my offer is declined.

I am, &c. &c.

— —, Reporter.

No. — Staple's Inn.

As we chanced at this time to be in want of a "night," whose shades might give relief to the day of the "Angler's Souvenir," we determined, with the free consent of our friends Simpson and Tweddell, to accede to this modest proposal, with a view to its insertion in our work then groaning under the press. On our return to town, we dispatched a note, the same evening, to Staple's Inn, stating that Mr. ——'s offer was accepted; and desiring that the MS might be sent, as soon as convenient, to Mr. Tilt, Fleet-street, where the sum agreed on would be duly paid. In two days the subjoined report of our sitting was sent as directed; and is here given without addition or abridgment. The only corrections necessary were in the names of the parties, in which the reporter

had committed a few venial errors:—for instance, designating Tweddell as "Mr. Saunders," from having heard us once or twice familiarly address him as "Sandy;" calling Simpson "Mr. Simons," and waggishly locating him as a slop-seller, in Houndsditch; and writing ourselves "the Old Fisher," in consequence of mistaking our surname for a mere agnomen, or professional designation. The songs, which were a good deal mangled, are restored, under the revision of Mr. Tweddell.

REPORT OF THE EVENING SITTING OF A PISCATORY TRIO, AT THE KING'S ARMS, RYE-HOUSE.

The speakers, Simpson, Tweddell, and Fisher, dined at four; and at five business commenced by

SIMPSON proposing a toast: "To the pious and immortal memory of Izaak Walton."

(Bumpers—pints—of old Staffordshire ale, drank in solemn silence.)

FISHER, (after a deep sigh, to recover his breath.)—A toast worth drinking—in the "language of the cabaret," as a great man called Shakespeare's phrase—"pottle deep." A noble subject! and better ale I scarcely ever drank,—colour of a beautiful amber, clear as sherry, and fragrant as a handful of new picked hops—a perfect nosegay. Observe that wasp, whose wings are rather stiff with rheumatic pains—caught by being out late these chill October

evenings—how he is enjoying himself at the bottom of my glass. There, the ale has warmed his heart, and away he flies, brisk as a bee that keeps humming soft nonsense to the flowers in July. I will thank you to give the toast again, Simpson.

SIMPSON.—I have no objection; but I beg to decline drinking it again in ale.

TWEDDELL.—And so do I. I have no objection to drink it again in a tumbler of toddy, if there be any good whiskey to be had here.

SIMPSON.—Though you may praise this ale, Mr. Fisher, I confess that I think it rather too old. For the rest of this evening,

"I abandon all ale
And beer that is stale,"

and if no whiskey is to be had, I shall be glad to join you, Mr. Tweddell, in a bottle of black strap. Light dinner wines,—abominable compounds of perry and eighteen-penny Cape—are my aversion. I wonder how any person who drinks of them escapes the cholera.

TWEDDELL.—I am willing.

SIMPSON.—Waiter, a bottle of your best port. You know where to find it. Of the same that I had last Thursday. A bottle of sherry at the same time: I like a glass of sherry to a cigar. Let me have one of your Havannahs, Tweddell.

FISHER.—I was only in jest when I proposed the other pint, as I knew that you would both shy at it. Good ale is now scarcely to be had, the more is the

pity; for most beneficial in former times were its effects on the genius and morals of the nation, as we learn from the old song:

"Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that an ape has no tail,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen
If you fetch him from Botley a pot of good ale.

"Thus it helps speech and wit, and hurts not a whit
But rather doth further the virtues morale;
Then think it not much if a little I touch
The good moral parts of a pot of good ale.

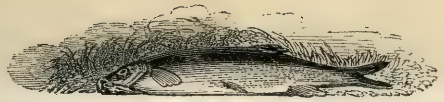
"To the church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our forefathers in wisdom did fail,
Who at every mile, next to the church stile,
Set a consecrate house to a pot of good ale."

SIMPSON.—Go on.

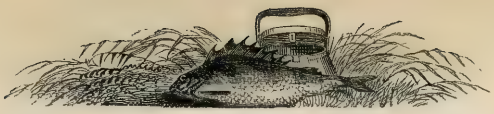
FISHER.—I cannot. The ale is out, and, as always happens in such a case, my recollection gone. But drink what you please,—toddy, brandy and water, or black strap, I am willing to join you. Any of the usual potations in this part of the country I can bear, except gin. The real cream of the valley, at three pence a quartern, should only be drank in "the valley below."

(Enter waiter, with a couple of decanters of wine.)

SIMPSON.—Now fill, and I will again give you—the Memory of the "Sage benign."



FISHER.—Again, I drink it with pleasure. Deservedly does the honest angler call him "father," and happy are his sons who walk in the path of their worthy parent. A spirit of cheerful piety pervades his whole book; and, as he instructs us how to angle, he interweaves his precepts with descriptions and reflections which teach us how to live happily and die well. His book is like one of the delightful scenes which he describes with so thorough a feeling of their quiet beauties. A pleasant meadow, with a stream running past it, bounded by low woody hills; field-flowers blooming among the grass and perfuming the air; with boys and girls cropping cowslips, culkerkeyes, and lilies, to make garlands to welcome in the merry month of May. I could almost wish that I had lived in those days, to have gone a fishing with the good old man, whose humour was "to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry;" to have listened to his reminiscences of learned and pious Dr. Nowell, cheerful Sir Henry Wotton, holy Master George Herbert, witty Dr. Donne, or reverend Bishop Sanderson; to have eaten a piece of powdered beef and a radish with him, to breakfast under a sycamore tree; drank a cup of ale, and borne a part in a catch with him in the evening at the house of a cleanly, handsome, and civil hostess, in company with a downright witty companion, who had come out purposely to be pleasant, and eat a trout; and then, after bidding "Good night to everybody," to have retired to bed, where the snow-white sheets,



of the landlady's own spinning, smelt of lavender.—But,

"A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream."

The low woody hills have become mountains, and the boys and girls are changed into a flock of black-faced sheep, with a sun-freckled, red-haired lad, in a blue bonnet, herding them; the broad meadow is reduced to a narrow glen, through which a noisy stream is careering like an untamed Highland poney; and I fancy that I hear a voice addressing the lark, which is hovering in full song above her nest on the mountain side,—

"Bird of the wilderness, blithsome and cumberless,
O, to abide in the desert with thee!"

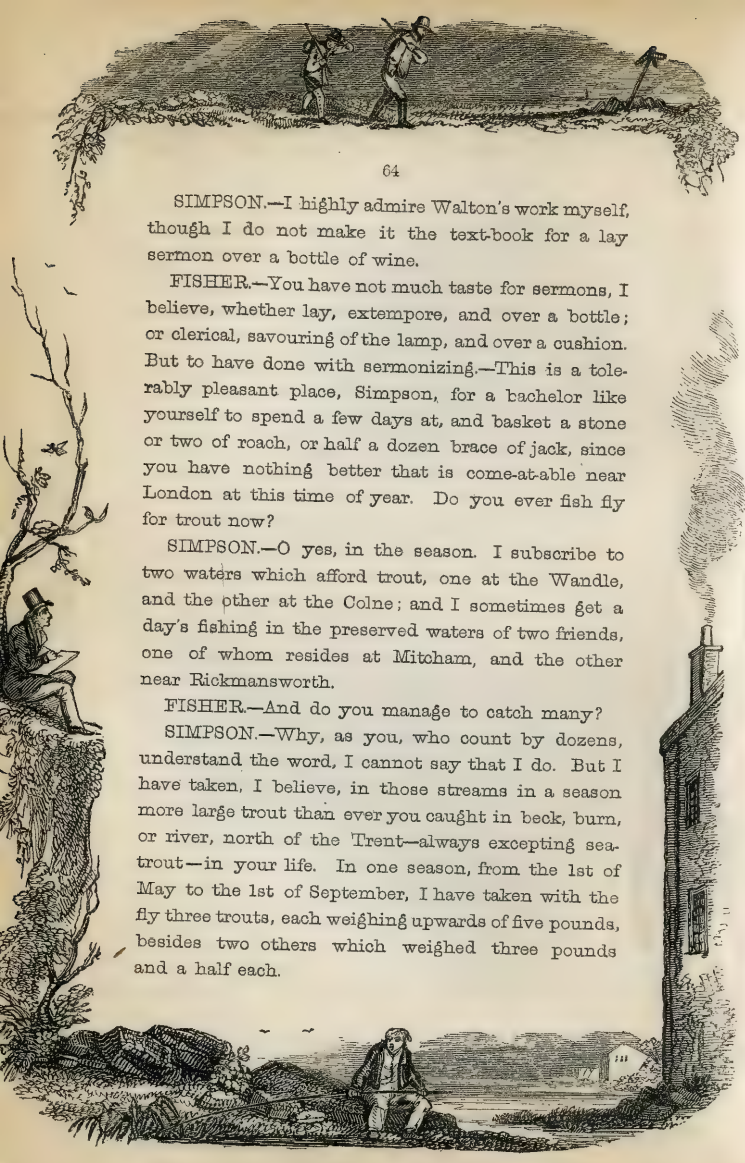
I wish that I were home again.

SIMPSON.—You are disposed, I think, to "pastoralize a little." However highly you may admire Walton's book, it is not in much repute among the anglers who fish in the Lea. It is not considered a practical work; and I have known some who, in consequence of hearing it much praised, have bought a copy, and, after trying to read it through, have thrown it aside with expressions of surprise that any person—except a priest or a church-going old maid—could admire it.

FISHER.—What can be expected from men who "blow brains" and fish on a Sunday? Walton's Angler used to be a very scarce book in the north. Indeed until Major published his beautiful edition in 1823,

I never had been able to call a copy my own. The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge ought to print an edition of this book, in order that copies might be given—together with the Book of Common Prayer and the Whole Duty of Man, as at present—to promising lads who have a taste for angling, on their leaving school. Should it not improve them much in the "gentle art," it would at least afford them many useful lessons in the "art of being virtuous and happy." Sheridan was fond of reading Walton, as we learn from the Introduction to Major's edition, and used to take a copy with him, when he travelled, as a post-chaise companion. I can scarcely conceive how any person could enjoy Walton amidst the jolting and rumbling of a post-chaise; and for my own part would as soon think of enjoying the "Pleasures of Hope" in a bell-loft during a full peal. Walton is best read in solitude; and he will bear reading in all seasons. Read him in the house, in winter, and you will enjoy summer in anticipation; read him in summer, in the open air—on a hill-side, by the banks of a stream, under a tree, seated at ease in the dess* of a hay-stack, or reclining in a clover field,—and your heart will drink in the loveliness of the season with increase of pleasure, and will expand with gratitude towards that Power which framed the goodly things of the earth for our enjoyment. "Live ever, sweet book, the silver image of his gentle wit!"

* The nook in a stack from which the hay has been cut.



SIMPSON.—I highly admire Walton's work myself, though I do not make it the text-book for a lay sermon over a bottle of wine.

FISHER.—You have not much taste for sermons, I believe, whether lay, extempore, and over a bottle; or clerical, savouring of the lamp, and over a cushion. But to have done with sermonizing.—This is a tolerably pleasant place, Simpson, for a bachelor like yourself to spend a few days at, and basket a stone or two of roach, or half a dozen brace of jack, since you have nothing better that is come-at-able near London at this time of year. Do you ever fish fly for trout now?

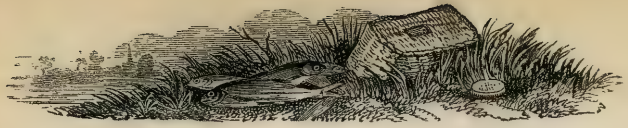
SIMPSON.—O yes, in the season. I subscribe to two waters which afford trout, one at the Wandle, and the other at the Colne; and I sometimes get a day's fishing in the preserved waters of two friends, one of whom resides at Mitcham, and the other near Rickmansworth.

FISHER.—And do you manage to catch many?

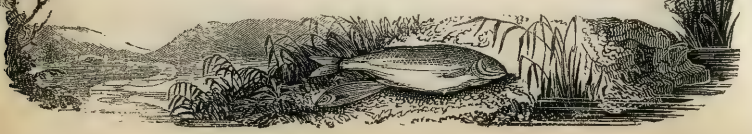
SIMPSON.—Why, as you, who count by dozens, understand the word, I cannot say that I do. But I have taken, I believe, in those streams in a season more large trout than ever you caught in beck, burn, or river, north of the Trent—always excepting sea-trout—in your life. In one season, from the 1st of May to the 1st of September, I have taken with the fly three trouts, each weighing upwards of five pounds, besides two others which weighed three pounds and a half each.

FISHER.—In this I must yield you the palm. I never caught one real yellow-finned burn trout weighing five pounds in my life. I once, however, saw one caught with a minnow, in the Eden, near Salkeld, which was twenty-two inches long, and weighed five pounds and a quarter; and I knew a person who took one in the Tweed, with a net, which weighed nearly seven pounds. The trout, in such streams in the northern counties as I am acquainted with, are not so large as those caught in the trout-streams within thirty miles of London. But, to make amends, the fly-fisher there counts his take by the dozen, while here he is fortunate who in a day catches three "brace." I have frequently killed four dozen in a morning, between daylight and nine o'clock, and as many in the evening, between four and ten. During this last season, on Monday, 21st July, after a heavy rain on the preceding Saturday, a friend of mine caught thirteen dozen, between five in the morning and three in the afternoon. He had on three flies, which he never changed during the whole, replacing those which he lost with others of the same kind. For his stretcher he had a grouse-hackle; for the middle dropper, a fly with a brown body of bear's fur, and "blea," or leaden coloured wings; and for his highest dropper, a red hackle.

TWEDDELL.—This is something like fishing; but almost any one, man or boy, who has the use of his arms, and can throw five yards of line into the



water, without the instructions of a scientific teacher, may catch trout by fishing well up a stream after a spate or fresh, though not in such quantities as a proficient in the art. The true secret of old fly-fishers, who scarcely ever return with a light creel, is only to go to the water when, from long observation, they are almost certain that trouts will rise. An old fly-fisher, who lived near Sanquhar, and whom I have often fished with, up Spank and down Crawick, in Ken, Scar, and Yeochan, once told me, when I was questioning as to the secret of his success, that for a gill of whiskey he would tell me how I might always succeed.—It was a bargain.—"Ne'er fish but when trouts are hungry, and fish aye where they 're plenty." 'But how am I to know that?' "In troth," replied he, "I canna verra well tell ye. But ye 'll no find mony within twa miles o' where ye can see at ae gliff, a manse, a mill, and a public, nor nigh a place where tinklers often camp. Trouts dinna seem inclined to take their meat for a fortnight after sheep-washin', nor when the water 's verra high or verra low. They dinna feed freely outher on a warm bright day nor on a cauld dark ane; and the feck o' them keep a black fast in a' weathers, atween Michaelmas and Easter." I have seen a lad sit down by the water-side, near the head of Yeochan, and, with a few threads from his bonnet, and the feather of a curlew, dress a fly on a common hook—not to a length of gut clear as the thread of the gossamer and almost as fine, but



to a dingy link of five cow's hair, for he had no thought of playing with the trouts—and then, with a rough hazel rod, about nine feet long, and a line to match, begin fishing; and in two hours catch as many trouts as some cockney fly-fishers, whose rod, flies, and tackle may have cost them ten pounds, take in a whole season.

SIMPSON.—What you say proves that in streams where trouts are so plentiful not much skill is required to take them. May we not, then, conclude, that the best fly-fishers are to be found in London, as they are confined to angle in waters where the fish are scarce, and so shy as only to be caught with the finest tackle skilfully managed?

TWEDDELL.—You may conclude so: and, upon the same grounds, you may also infer that cockney-sportsmen, who range the fields within ten or fifteen miles of London, where partridges are scarce and shy, are the best shots.

FISHER.—I know that there are excellent fly-fishers in London; but the best, I am inclined to think, did not acquire their craft in the Colne or the Wandle, though they may now and then occasionally basket a few heavy trout from those streams. Chantrey can throw a long line cleverly, either for trout or salmon; but he was a proficient in the art, having killed many a trout in Dovedale, before he came to London, and I doubt if he be improved much since he became an R.A. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, but where I forget, Chantrey's partiality to sal-

mon-fishing; and, as I have the words down in my pocket-book, I will read them.—"We have ourselves seen the first sculptor in Europe when he had taken two salmon on the same morning, and can well believe that his sense of self-importance exceeded twenty-fold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him."

TWEDDELL.—I think I have heard you say that you did not acquire your own knowledge of fly-fishing in London, Mr. Simpson.

SIMPSON.—True. When a boy, I was at school near Cotherstone, in Yorkshire, and it was there, in the Tees, and in a small stream which ran close to our master's house, that I first commenced angler. I did not commence fly-fisher at once, but regularly advanced through a course of minnow-fishing, with a line of packthread and a farthing hook; and I well recollect my first trial for perch, with a new rod and a fine hair line, when I caught fifteen, and thought myself a first-rate angler; and certainly felt myself one of the happiest of human beings. After this successful commencement, with something like a regular angler's tackle, all my leisure hours and holidays, when the weather allowed, were spent in fishing; and as I managed to take a good many eels, perch, dace, and brandling trouts, I became a favorite with the master's wife, who was a great economist, and regularly served up my evening's take for dinner the next day, and I frequently obtained, through her

intercession, a holiday, to go a fishing. My lessons in fly-fishing were taken under our drawing-master, as great a proficient in the art as ever I met with, and in his company I have fished in the Wear, in the neighbourhood of Stanhope and Wolsingham; in the Greta; in the Swale, near Catterick; and at Richmond; as well as in the Tees, from Piersbridge to the Wheel or Weel, above Middleton. Trouts were not plentiful in the Wear then, twenty-eight years ago; and I understand that they have since become more scarce, nay almost extinct in the upper part of the stream, in consequence of the water from the lead mines. The Tees used to afford tolerably good sport from Cotherstone upwards, though it used to be sometimes netted by the miners about Middleton. The "Weel," about ten miles above Middleton, is a deep pool above two miles long, and containing excellent trout. The country is the most wild and desolate that I ever beheld,—and I have been at the head of Borrowdale, and crossed Dartmoor,—but the Cauldron Snout, where the stream dashes from the Weel over a succession of falls, and the High Force, five miles above Middleton, where the stream leaps, at one bound, from a ledge of rocks sixty feet high, are well deserving of the attention of the tourist who happens to be within twenty miles of the place. Once, during a vacation, when I did not return home, I spent a week with our drawing-master, who was residing with his friends at Richmond. We went out together one day to an

excellent trout-stream, near Burton Constable, about seven miles to the southward, and were following our sport to our great satisfaction, for the trouts were large and rose well, when a countryman came up, and attempted to take my companion's rod from him as a trespasser who was fishing without leave. This, of course, was resisted, and a struggle ensued, in which the artist,—who was but weakly, while his antagonist was a big powerful fellow,—was likely to come off only second best, when I, a stout lad of sixteen, joined as thirdsman in the fray, and turned the scale. We soon got the countryman—a great hen-hearted fellow—down; and without any regard to what is called fair play, pummelled him well when we had him down; but that was not long, for he soon recovered his legs, and ran off; while we, who were swifter of foot, gave chase, and belaboured him with the butt end of our rods right across the field, till he escaped by dashing head foremost through a regular bullfinch hedge, like an ox stung by hornets. We afterwards learnt that the fellow had no right to interfere with us, and had only wished to get a good rod at a cheap rate. But for once the Yorkshireman was bit.

FISHER.—Youth is certainly the period when a love of the fine arts, including angling, is most easily and most naturally inspired, and a practical knowledge of them most readily attained. The pliant fingers of youth, from ten to sixteen, are peculiarly adapted to tying delicate knots, whipping on hooks,

and dressing flies; and he who first begins to learn those minor branches of an angler's art after his hand is "set," seldom performs his work with neatness, and never with ease. And then to see a gentleman who has arrived at years of discretion taking lessons in managing the rod and throwing gracefully a long line, is about as good as a peep at Mr. Deputy Hopkins, who never learned to dance till after he was married, practising a quadrille, for the Mansion-House ball, with his coat and wig off. Most of our practical books on angling are written, not for the "instruction and improvement of youth," but for the edification of elderly gentlemen, who are presumed never to have had a rod in their hands before; and the dry-nurse of a teacher "begins at the beginning" accordingly. I think it would be worth any professor's while to open an Angling Academy at Peerless Pool, City Road, when it is no longer used for bathing, to teach grown gentlemen the use of the long rod,—applying a birch one, solito loco, when needful, to dull or refractory pupils,—with examples of the art of whipping without cracking off the fly.—How did you succeed in your trolling to-day, Tweddell?

TWEDDELL.—Very badly. I only caught one jack after a two hours' trial; and when I thought to change my gorge hook for a snap, I was nearly another hour before I could fix my bait as the book directed, and then the best part of the day was gone. I do not wonder at my not catching a

second one, for I must confess that, after I had succeeded in fixing my hooks and sewing up the gudgeon's mouth, it presented anything but a tempting appearance. I had handled the bait rather too roughly, and when all was ready for a cast, it was not unlike a bruised sprat, bristling with hooks, and more likely to deter than to allure. No pike, however hungry, I felt assured, could behold it without aversion, if not terror, so I took it off again. An old gentleman who came up, and perceived that I was a novice at jack-fishing, invited me to take a seat in his boat, which was then lying just below the Tumbling Bay; and with one of his rods I caught two dozen of roach, whilst we smoked our cigars, and talked of the comparative excellence of Silvas and Woodvilles, of fishing and shooting in the Highlands, and things in general. Next to fly-fishing, I should prefer trolling for jack, but I have never practised the latter branch of angling, and I could scarcely expect much sport in my first attempt. I did not choose to follow in the wake of either of you, and receive your instructions at the moderate charge of being laughed at. But what success have you two had?

SIMPSON.—I caught three brace and a half of jack, and Fisher three brace, all by trolling; and this, considering that the water is so clear, and has still so many weeds in it, is tolerably good sport for a five hours' bout at the commencement of the season. They were all rather small, under four pounds, except one of those caught by Fisher, which I think

will not weigh much less than nine pounds. I have not seen a better taken in the Lea this season. I had a run with one, which, from the glance I had of him as he turned, I should take to be larger; but though he had plenty of time to pouch, I failed to hook him.

FISHER.—I had twenty minutes' good play with the largest pike, for my tackle was rather of the finest, and he was strong and pulled hard. I nearly lost him once, just as I had brought him near the shore, and was preparing to get his head into the landing net. Alarmed at the sight of the net, his fear gave him new strength, and he went off with a plunge which I thought had broken all away; but my tackle held good. It was his last effort, for after he had run off about thirty yards of line, I felt him getting weak, when I turned him and drew him to land fairly exhausted. He was dead beat, and when I got him into the net, he scarcely moved a fin.

SIMPSON.—Though the cockney angler may not take so many nor so fine fish as are caught in the north, yet he enjoys a greater variety of sport. I suppose there is not much trolling in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, Mr. Tweddell?

TWEDDELL.—Very little. The streams are too rapid there to afford much harbour for pike, or ged, as they are frequently called in Dumfries-shire. They are, however, caught in several streams in the lower part of the county about Dumfries; and I have known them frequently taken in lochs with night-lines; but

trolling is not much practised in Scotland. I think I shall be tempted to try it in the Lochar, as I return home. It contains plenty of fine pike, but anglers there seldom try to catch them except with night-lines.

FISHER.—We will now basket the pikes, if you please. Mr. Simpson, you are a regular bottle-stopper—a perfect cork—pass the wine; and, Tweddell, wet your whistle, and give us a song. I wish I had brought my pipes to London with me. How the fish would have—pricked up their ears, I was going to say—"vagged their little tails," to a merry lilt on the Union pipes, played from a punt on the Thames or the Lea; while the performer had a cigar in his mouth, his eye on the float, and his foot on his rod. Why, this would almost equal the performance of the travelling musician who plays on six instruments at once, or that of the notable servant girl, who could,

"Whistle and knit,
And carry the kit,
And hameward drive the kye."

But I hear, by your hum, that you are in voice and ready. Come, lay your cigar down, and off at score.

TWEDDELL.—Have a minute's patience, till I can recollect the words, and I will give you a "Fisher's Call." I am not sure that I can go through it without breaking down, for I have never yet sung it in company, though I have now and then crooned over a few lines to myself. You know the writer

well, an old angling crony of yours; but you cannot have heard the song before, as mine is the only copy that he has given to any one.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE.

Old Winter is gone, and young Spring now comes tripping;
Sweet flowers are springing wherever she treads;
While the bee, hovering o'er them, keeps humming and sipping,
And birds sing her welcome in woodlands and meads.
The snow-wreath no more on the hill-side is lying;
The leaf-buds are bursting, bright green, on each tree;
Ho, anglers, arouse ye! the streams are worth trying,
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

Haste away! haste away! for the south wind is blowing
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,
Which neither too full nor too fine yet is flowing,
Now clouded, now bright with a sun-shiny gleam.
At the foot of the fall, where the bright trouts are leaping,
In the stream where the current is rapid and strong,
Or just by the bank where the skeggers seem sleeping,
There throw your fly light, and you cannot throw wrong.

There 's joy in the chase, over hedge and ditch flying;
'Tis pleasant to bring down the grouse on the fell;
The partridge to bag, through the low stubble trying;
The pheasant to shoot as he flies through the dell.

But what are such joys to the pleasure of straying
By the side of a stream, a long line throwing free,
The salmon and trout with a neat fly betraying?—
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

To awaken the milk-maid, the cock is yet crowing,—
She was out late last night, with young Hodge, at the fair—
To be milked yet the cows in the loaning are lowing;
We 'll be at our sport ere young Nelly be there.
The weather is prime, and the stream in good order;
Arouse ye, then, anglers! wherever you be,—
In Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, on the Border,—
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

FISHER.—Good!

"In Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, on the Border,
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!"

Some one has been conjuring with your song, Tweddell, for three spirits have already appeared at the invocation—an anonymous angler in Ireland; Hansard in Wales; and Stephen Oliver on the Border. But the spell has not been sufficiently powerful to rouse that master-spirit in Scotland, to whom every stream and loch is known in that

"Land of the mountain and the flood;"

who at one time may be seen throwing his light fly in the Tweed, by the "lovely levels of holy

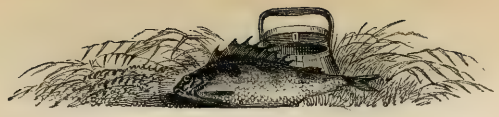
Ashiestiel,"—consecrated as having been formerly the residence of Sir Walter Scott,

> "For the lore
> Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
> Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
> Where dwelt the wise and wondrous . . . —;"

at another time wiling the bold trout, Salmo Ferox, from the depths of Loch Awe; and anon, waking the echoes with a lofty strain, as he hails the morn, amidst the wilds of Morven.

SIMPSON.—Four have answered the summons—you forget Capt. Medwin's "Angler in Wales."

FISHER.—He is a spirit of another class, who has approached the circle unbidden. The "Angler in Wales!" why I see not the least trace of the angler throughout the two volumes. He might as well have "unbuckled his mail,"—stuffed with fragments of "travellers' tales," and scraps from the feast of languages, —at Calcutta, and called his book the "Angler in Hindostan." Independent of the misnomer, it is not written in the spirit of an angler. How could it? when the doer, whoever he may be, probably never handled a rod, or felt the inspiration of the art, in his life. The calm and cheerful spirit, which the love and practice of angling inspire, is not to be found in the book. From his "scattering his water" on Byron's ashes, it is not difficult to read his riddle. The noble bard should have dedicated one of his poems to his friend—Heaven save us from such friends —and appointed him one of his executors. Then,



perhaps, Rogers, Moore, and Hobhouse, might have been saved from the blunt, clumsy, sabre of his satire, which only mangles, but does not cut; and Byron himself not have been shown up by his friend as a petulant coxcomb and a flash blackguard. I cannot for a moment believe that Byron, with all his faults, was the despicable character that Medwin, soi-disant Byron's friend, and Angler in Wales, represents him.

SIMPSON.—Take a cigar, Fisher, or you will lose your temper; and tell us calmly what scandal about Lord Byron it is that moves your bile.

FISHER.—I might then tell you nearly all that is said about him in the book. He is represented on the day that the author of the "Pleasures of Memory," and of "Italy," was expected to call on him, ordering his bull-dog and his monkey into the billiard-room, where he intended to receive his visitor, for the purpose of annoying him. When Mr. Rogers entered, it is said the dog rushed furiously at him, and was encouraged by Byron, while, without noticing his visitor, he pretended to call the brute off. At length he thought good to discover the cause of the affray; to kick Tiger off, and press his "dear friend" in his arms. To the great entertainment, I conclude—if the story be true—of the toad-eaters present, who flattered and encouraged the noble poet in his wayward follies as the price of their admission to his society; and who, when he was in his grave, for the sake of dishonourable gain, exposed and exaggerated his

follies and his vices, and held him up to the contempt of the world. If this story were true, Byron and his bull-dog should have been served in the same manner that Lieutenant Bowling served Roderick Random's brutal cousin and his quadruped auxiliaries. Tiger should have been silenced with a blow from a shillelah; and his master floored by a right-handed hit between the eyes, and afterwards kicked as he lay, ad putorem usque, as a reward for his unmanly conduct. I think I know one living poet who would have done it, had he been served so, and have made the jackals grin on the wrong side of the face had he observed them encouraging the fun by their sardonic smiles, ad examplar regis, after the fashion of the lion, upon whom they then fawned, when living, but preyed, like unclean animals as they were, upon his carcase when dead. It is no joke to have a bull-dog within a couple of yards of you, watching an opportunity to rush in and seize you by the throat. I know what the feeling is, and therefore am disposed to think very indifferently of the man who would wantonly place another in such a situation. I was once passing over a lonely moor in the north of England, when I came suddenly upon a gipsey's encampment, and before I perceived any of the party, a long-backed, bow-legged, brindled bull-dog made towards me, shewing his formidable teeth, and eyes glaring with rage. I stood still the moment I saw him, and he was just crouching preparatory to a spring, when his master, who had observed him rush from under

the cart, called him off. "He is a savage-looking animal," said I to the man, as the dog skulked slowly to his resting place. "He is a savage," replied the man, "and we never let him lowse but in places where we dinna expect to meet strangers. It's weel for ye that I saw him spring up, or he wad hae had your thropple out afore ye could cry 'Jack Robison.'" I felt the truth of this at the moment most forcibly, as I was walking, in consequence of the heat of the day, with no handkerchief on and my neck bare. I afterwards learnt that the savage disposition of this dog was purposely encouraged by his owner, who occasionally smuggled a little whiskey from the Scottish side into England, for the purpose of keeping excisemen at a distance.

SIMPSON.—I am not so sceptical as you are.—I can believe this of Byron.

FISHER.—Can you? Then you entertain more uncharitable feelings towards his memory than I do, for what can you think of the man who could be guilty of such an act of wanton cruelty and insult to a friend, or acquaintance, if you please, who was neither young nor strong? To have placed a pail-ful of water over the door, and thus practically have given him a cool reception as he entered, would have been a better joke, and more excusable.

SIMPSON.—I think it the act of a man whose better feelings had been brutalized by having little or no social intercourse with those whose conduct, or manly reproof, might repress or correct those

whose expostulation or manly reproof might correct those disgraceful freaks which a man of unsettled mind and capricious temper is liable to indulge in, when surrounded only by those who are far beneath him, or whose only passport to his company is their perfect compliance with, and applause of, everything that he says or does. I have more than once seen a man of really good heart, in a moment when he forgot himself, give pain to a long-tried worthy friend, to gratify a small knot of ephemeral acquaintances by whom he happened to be surrounded.—Were you never caught yourself, scarcely compos, by a grave old friend, leading the revels among a graceless crew, whom, in your sober senses and in daylight, you would be ashamed to be seen with? and, as he left the room, more in sorrow than in anger, have you not joined in the laugh which the professed wit of the party raised at his expense?

FISHER.—I am still sceptical. But, even should a person, not thoroughly insensible to every better feeling, find himself in the last predicament, would he not, on reflection, be ashamed of his conduct, endeavour to make reparation to his friend, and shun the company of the flatterers who corrupt him?

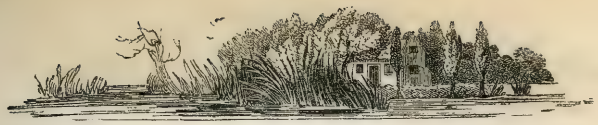
SIMPSON.—In such manner I believe Byron would act.

FISHER.—Byron's living with another man's wife, the Countess Guicciola, is as well known as his

feat of swimming across the Hellespont. She had abandoned for him husband, home, and good name —if there be such a thing as female reputation in Italy;—and yet he is represented as speaking of her in a most unfeeling manner to one of his "friends," just after she had passed them on a ride: "I loved her for three weeks,—what a red-headed thing it is!" This "red-headed thing," at the same time, living with him as a wife! Believe this of Byron who likes, not I. It is more likely that the reporter "lies—under a mistake," as Byron himself writes, than that the author of Child Harold was so heartless a being.

SIMPSON.—I am inclined to think that these anecdotes, which give so unfavorable an account of Byron, have prejudiced you against the general merits of the book as a work on angling.

FISHER.—Work on angling!—though you say you have looked it through, you cannot have read it, or you would never allude to it as a work on angling. Why, there is nothing in it but what Rammohun Roy, who never caught a trout in his life, might have written with the aid of a sixpenny Art of Angling. So far from entertaining any prejudice against the book, I read on past the scandalous anecdotes about Byron, till I was fairly brought up by a "Poem" at the end, about Julian and Gizele, the Pindarries, Zalim, Spahees, Beils, Ghebres, Goorkhas, Bringarries, &c. &c. I then fairly saw land. The "thing" had been "done" expressly for the circula-



ting libraries, with the chance of hooking an angler from the title. There is a capital blunder in his first volume, where he gives a quotation from Nemesian, as illustrative of the instinct of a bitch. He must have picked the passage up somewhere, ready cut and dry, for it is evident he cannot have read the context. The poet means that a bitch, when her whelps are surrounded by a circle of fire, will rescue the best first, from an instinctive knowledge of its excellence. The original passage,—

> ". . . . rapit rictu primum, portatque cubili,
> Mox alium, mox deinde alium. Sic conscia mater
> Segregat egregiam sobolem virtutis amore,"—

he ignorantly renders:

> ". . . . with opening jaws, first one,
> And then another, to her hutch she bears;
> The mother, conscious of their danger, thus
> With an instinctive fondness saves her young."

Conscious of their danger! What a wonderful instance of instinct in the bitch, and of sagacity in the plumeless biped—or unplumed rather, for he appears to have been feathered once—who discovered such a meaning in the lines! — Send the bottle round, Sandy, why are you looking so glum? — Angler in Wales, whoever thou art, Valeas!

TWEDDELL.—I am not looking glum, I am only getting weary of your lengthy criticism on the "Angler in Wales." I have read some very clever

extracts from it, and I think every author has a right to prefix what title he pleases to his book.

FISHER.—Do you? Then if 'Angling,' 'Angling Recollections,' and so forth, prove taking titles, we will soon have Anglers in Italy, France, Holland, Germany, Egypt, America, Africa, and New South Wales—that there are several pocket-anglers in the latter colony, on public service, is well known;—and even ladies who keep a journal of their travels, and produce twins—handsome foolscap octavos—every twelvemonth, will be tempted to usher in the "hot-pressed darlings" as the production of an "Angler;" an appellation which may, in another sense, be correct, as the word is Epicœne, should the fair authoress be a spinster.

SIMPSON.—Have you seen Hansard's "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales?"

FISHER.—Why need you ask, when you know that I buy every new book on angling that appears? It is a perfect gazetteer of every lake and stream in the Principality, at once so ample and so accurate that I suspect the author must have been several years engaged in the Ordnance Survey. I see that he has resumed in his book a considerable portion of the article "Angling," which he must have furnished to Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia. No angler should go into Wales without taking Mr. Hansard's book in his pocket. The "Angler in Ireland" appears to have had excellent sport; but I really do not perceive the consistency of his making

so many half apologies for saying so much about angling, when, from the title of his book, we are led to expect that angling would form his principal subject. One might suppose that his book was first written as an account of a tour generally, and that the portions which treat more expressly of angling, were afterwards dove-tailed in. He, however, writes like one who could make a long and clever cast, and who has a heart to feel all the beauties which lie exposed to the honest cultivator of the gentle art. His book will bear reading a second time, even by one who may think him too partial to the "orange-fly," and a "leetle" too ostentatious of chronicling his punctual observance of the "Sabbath." Were it not for his stating that he goes to church, I should be sometimes inclined to suspect him to be a hired distributor of Tracts to some sectarian "Society for converting the Heathen." Stephen Oliver, too, the Yorkshireman, who makes the Border Counties,—Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland,—the scene of his angling recollections, now and then gives us a touch of the mock sublime, and writes as if he had just been refreshing his memory from Harvey's "Meditations in a Flower Garden." But fill up a bumper—here's to them all, and success attend them: The Angler in Ireland, Hansard, and Oliver,—light hearts and well-filled creels, with a good account of their next piscatory campaigns!

SIMPSON.—There is a clever little book, "Maxims and Hints for an Angler," with illustrations by Seymour, which you have not mentioned.

FISHER.—It is a clever little book, but not of this year's brood; and the hints and maxims of the author, who modestly styles himself a "bungler," I should think would do credit to any of the adepts of the Houghton Club. I see, from the illustrations, that the members are cased up to the fork in enormous boots, and that a smock-frocked or liveried attendant, with a landing-net, is always in waiting to do the honors in introducing the trout to a new element. Where gentlemen "whip"—I wish the author would discard the Cockneyism next edition—with kid gloves on, Jack I am inclined to think will often be as good as his master in securing the fish, and entitled to share the honors of the capture. The angling characters introduced in the illustrations are portraits, I understand, of members of the club. That of the stout gentleman slipping off the bridge on a windy day, is said to be the portrait of an eminent sculptor, and I have heard that he furnished Seymour with the sketch from which the design was made.

SIMPSON.—Have you ever seen any American books on angling, Fisher?

FISHER.—No. I do not think there are any published. Brother Jonathan is not yet sufficiently civilized to produce anything original on the gentle art. There is good trout-fishing in America, and the streams, which are all free, are much less fished than in our Island, "from the small number of gentlemen," as an American writer says, "who are at lei-

sure to give their time to it." We are further assured, by the same authority, that ladies do not so often partake of this amusement in the States as in England.

SIMPSON.—Lady anglers—at least for fish—are far from numerous in England, so far as my observation extends. I have not seen one for these last three years, though I heard of one the other day tumbling out of a punt, as she was angling for gudgeons with her father in the Lea, near Bow. She was soon fished up; and after being treated, secundum artem,—according to the directions of the Humane Society,—came to herself, and was conveyed home in a cab, as she had lost one of her shoes.

FISHER.—There is one mentioned in the "Angler in Wales," who is in the habit of regularly fishing fly, attended by her Abigail. This lady appears, from what is said of her, to be as well acquainted with the turf as the stream; and Chiffney or Scott might take lessons from her in the art of training and managing the race-horse. She is musical, too. How delightful to hear the syren, familiar with the beauties of Rossini, after her return from giving her hunter a breathing,

"Whistle sweet a diuretic strain!"

I do not like to see ladies either angling or playing on the fiddle. These are not lady-like accomplishments, any more than smoothing the chins of bristle-bearded coal-heavers is a feminine employment.

I cannot bear a female barber or a male "chamber-maid." Do many ladies angle in Scotland, Tweddell?

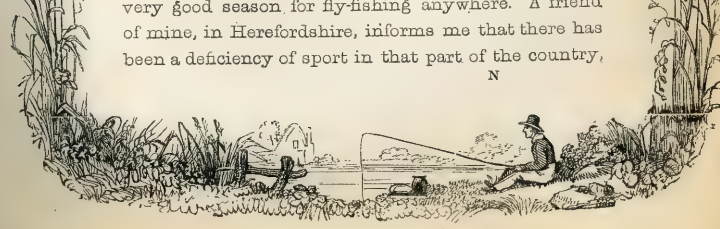
TWEDDELL.—Not to my knowledge. I have known a lady once or twice try a few casts with a gentleman's rod, and hook a trout too, but I cannot say that I ever knew one who was a professional fly-fisher. I, however, once saw a woman kill two salmon, with the fly, in the Tweed, about a mile above Kelso, in March 1832. She fished from a boat, which was also managed by a female companion. I was out with a friend the same day, and though we had several rises, we both failed in killing a single salmon.

FISHER.—Cedant braccae stolae,—"Fy, Sandy, yield the breeks to Meg!"—What kind of sport have you had in trout-fishing in your part of the country this season?

TWEDDELL.—Not very good, except in the early part. In such a dry summer as this has been there is not much sport after sheep-washing begins, unless there be a good spate shortly after, to purify the streams. During sheep-washing, and for a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, trout are very shy of rising, more especially if the water be low. I have often spoken with old anglers about the cause of this, and have heard different reasons assigned for this shyness of the trout. One says that they are sick, in consequence of the water being impregnated with the tar and grease which is washed from the fleeces of the sheep; another, that it is as much owing to the

dung from their hind quarters, as the greasy tar is not incorporated with the water, but floats, like a rainbow-coloured film, on the surface; and a third says they are gorged with the ticks and vermin which are dislodged from the fleece in the washing. To this last opinion I am inclined to give very little credit; but I think the trout may be disordered by the joint effects of the greasy tar and dung, and alarmed by the disturbance in different parts of the stream. I have seen the scum of the tar by the side of a stream, in considerable quantity, ten days after the sheep-washing was over. A good spate, however, seldom fails to cure the trout and restore their appetite. I saw an instance of sick trout this year, but not in consequence of sheep-washing. It was in a stream which was much swollen from a heavy rain the day before, and the water was very much discoloured and thick, as if a newly-ploughed field had been overflowed and the soil washed away, or as if a bank of earth had fallen in. The water was by no means so high as I have frequently seen it, but in mid-channel it was almost black; and shoals of small trout crowded to the sides, so weak and helpless,—wabbling about as if they were fuddled,—that you might take them out with your hands.

SIMPSON.—I do not think that this has been a very good season for fly-fishing anywhere. A friend of mine, in Herefordshire, informs me that there has been a deficiency of sport in that part of the country,



and he complains much of the rivers being netted by poachers.

FISHER.—The same may be said of some of the best trout streams in Yorkshire and Westmoreland. The Eure, the Ribble, the Lune, the Lowther, the Esk, and the Eamont, have not afforded average sport this season, as I can testify, both from my own experience and that of others. Some of them have been completely dragged with nets for miles; and I have seen the waters of more than one of them of a chalky colour for several days, and fish lying dead by their sides, from the more destructive practice of liming. Should these practices be continued, fly-fishers will have no option but to emigrate, and leave the fair but troutless streams of England for the rivers and lochs of Cunnemara, or for the virgin waters of the middle and northern States of America, where never yet trout were deluded by the gay deceivers of O'Shaughnessey, Chevalier, or Widow Phun. Ungrateful country! thou wilt mourn the loss of thy kindest children too late; when thou hearest of them extending civilization, and introducing a knowledge of the gentle art among the wild men of Galway, or the red men that dwell by Lake Huron, when no longer the trout leaps in thy streams, and when no more the angler's reel is heard sounding on their banks. The gigantic trout of Lake Huron, (Salmo Amethystinus,) weighing one hundred and forty pounds, has never yet been captured by a native angler,—red man, or Yankee;—and if ever he

be captured, it is a native of the British Isles, skilled in all the mysteries of the art—who can neatly spin a minnow or troll, as well as lightly throw a fly—who will achieve the glorious deed.

SIMPSON.—You are romancing now, when you talk of a trout weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

FISHER.—I am not. A gigantic species of trout, said to attain that weight, from Lake Huron, is actually described by Dr. Mitchell, a distinguished American naturalist; and the specific name, Amethystinus, has been applied to it from the purplish tinge of its teeth. For my own part, I have no doubt of the fact; and should have no objection to make one of a party to proceed to Lake Huron, for the purpose of endeavouring to capture one of those Leviathans;—that is, provided the expenses were defrayed by government or by public subscription. And even should the expedition fail in its object—Captain Parry did not reach the North Pole, nor Captain Ross discover the North West Passage—yet would the public derive immense gratification from a circumstantial report of our sayings and doings; for,

> "Quarter-day would see us back,
> With each a volume in his pack."

There are also trouts weighing from twenty to sixty pounds in Lake Michigan; and some of the weight of ninety pounds are said to have been taken in the straits of Michilimackinack—a name well worthy

of a ninety pounder—which connect Lake Huron with Lake Michigan.

SIMPSON.—A gentleman of the name of Vigne, a member of Lincoln's Inn, took a trip to America, about three years ago, during the long vacation, and enjoyed a few days' fly-fishing in Pennsylvania. He had some fair sport in the Juniata, one of the tributaries of the Susquehannah. The trout were from half a pound to three pounds in weight; and in little more than two hours' fishing he caught about six dozen. He mentions the red-hackle as the best fly that an angler can throw in Spring Creek.

FISHER.—The red-hackle is deadly on all waters, though not at all times. It is one of my three types for the colour of flies. The red, black, and grouse hackle, are with me standards, and all the trout-flies which I dress are only varieties of these, with the addition of wings, and a difference of shade in the dubbing. Those which I range under the red type comprehend the various shades from scarlet to lemon colour. The second extends from positive black, through the various shades of the martin's wing and leaden coloured hackles, to the bluish-grey feather of the tern. With the grouse hackle are classed the various shades of brown, from the chesnut of the pheasant to the grey-brown of the partridge. With the last I also place my flies with speckled wings, from the May-fly to the grey drake and feathers of the Guinea fowl. In conformity with this arrange-

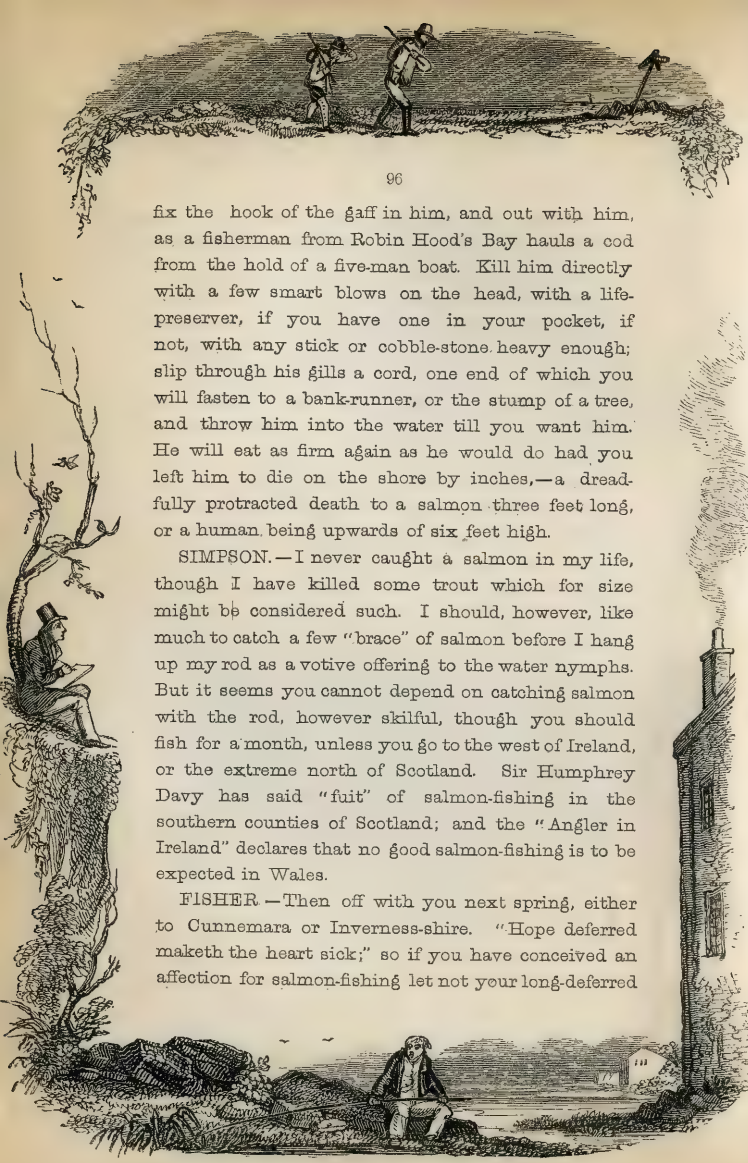
ment, my fly-book consists of three principal divisions, each of which again consists of two compartments, one for hackles proper, and the other for winged flies; and I can turn to the colour and suit myself with a hook of the size wanted with the greatest facility.

TWEDDELL.—I have known some gentlemen who were seldom successful in taking many trout, though their assortment of flies was most extensive. They have wanted perseverance, and have wasted their time and lost their patience in fiddle-faddling and changing their flies, when they should have kept fishing on. I seldom change my flies after beginning to fish, in a stream which I am well acquainted with, though I may sometimes keep walking and throwing for two or three hours, and scarcely catching so many fish. I have, notwithstanding, continued using the same flies,—because I was satisfied I could put on none more likely,—till I found the fish in a humour to feed; and have filled my creel, when others less persevering, but who had perhaps tried a dozen different flies, walked home with their creels toom. I do not think it a good plan for an angler always to be adding flies to a stock which he is not likely to use up for years. In looking over a large book of flies, belonging to a gentleman who prided himself on their number and variety, I have found many moth-eaten and not fit for use. An excellent fly-fisher of my acquaintance generally carries his whole stock in the two pockets

of an old Scots' Almanack, with two or three links of salmon-flies between the leaves. There is one of his salmon-flies which he shows as a trophy. It is rather a plain looking one, with a yellowish-brown coloured body, brown wings of a bittern's feather, with a blood-red hackle for legs, and the link of a pepper and salt mixture, formed of five black and five white horse-hairs. With this fly he killed, in one day, five salmon, the last of which weighed twenty-five pounds, the largest that he had ever taken with the fly. He landed this last salmon after a severe contest of upwards of an hour, during the whole of which the fish never sulked, but kept continually dashing about the pool where he was hooked, which was not more than eighty yards long, and was too shallow at its head to allow of his pushing up the stream; and the angler managed to keep his station towards the foot, to prevent his escape downwards. There is nothing like keeping a fish in constant exercise for speedily killing him. I have seen many a good fish lost by being trifled with — holding him lightly or allowing him more line than you can manage—when he contrives either to break the link or entangle the line, and escape. I never allow a salmon a slack line, and thus give him the benefit of a run, when he is almost certain to carry all away. Every good salmon-fisher has a tolerably correct notion what strain his tackle will bear, and holds his fish with a firm, though, when required, not unyielding hand, and keeps him con-

stantly moving. The combined effect of fear and violent exertion produces, I am inclined to think, a sort of apoplexy, or fit of stupor, in the fish; and whenever he is suspected to be in such a state he ought to be landed as soon as possible, before he recovers. I have seen a large trout quite stupid and exhausted when brought towards the shore, but, in consequence of not being quickly landed, recover his strength, and break away. The moment that an angler brings his fish towards the shore, he ought to be prepared to land him.

FISHER.—I quite agree with you that both salmon and trout are seized, in consequence of their struggles and their fright, with something like a fit, which, for a time, renders them powerless. Perhaps when they are so hooked that the mouth cannot be regularly closed when the line is held tight, their free breathing may be interrupted, and similar effects produced in a fish as in a human subject when his cravat is tightly twisted in the murderous gripe of a cowardly antagonist. Whenever you have brought a fish, in such a state, to the shore, net him or gaff him directly. Have the "click" into him wherever you best can, and do not tickle him to his senses again by two or three misdirected attempts at his gills, for fear of ripping his side. One fish gaffed by the side is better than a dozen missed by trying for his gills. Get him by the gills, if you can, but get him however. Down on your knees as you draw him to the bank, and quickly, quietly, and firmly



fix the hook of the gaff in him, and out with him, as a fisherman from Robin Hood's Bay hauls a cod from the hold of a five-man boat. Kill him directly with a few smart blows on the head, with a life-preserver, if you have one in your pocket, if not, with any stick or cobble-stone heavy enough; slip through his gills a cord, one end of which you will fasten to a bank-runner, or the stump of a tree, and throw him into the water till you want him. He will eat as firm again as he would do had you left him to die on the shore by inches,—a dreadfully protracted death to a salmon three feet long, or a human being upwards of six feet high.

SIMPSON.—I never caught a salmon in my life, though I have killed some trout which for size might be considered such. I should, however, like much to catch a few "brace" of salmon before I hang up my rod as a votive offering to the water nymphs. But it seems you cannot depend on catching salmon with the rod, however skilful, though you should fish for a month, unless you go to the west of Ireland, or the extreme north of Scotland. Sir Humphrey Davy has said "fuit" of salmon-fishing in the southern counties of Scotland; and the "Angler in Ireland" declares that no good salmon-fishing is to be expected in Wales.

FISHER.—Then off with you next spring, either to Cunnemara or Inverness-shire. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" so if you have conceived an affection for salmon-fishing let not your long-deferred

wishes steal away the roses from your cheek—you have now a color like a peony, Simpson,—and present you with wrinkled crow-toes in exchange. As soon as the green leaves begin to appear on the quickset hedge of your garden, start by the first steamer for Aberdeen, and thence find your way as you best can to the Spey, the Ness, the Beauly, the Shinn, the Oykell, the Ainag, the Cassly, or the Carron; and if you have not sport to your satisfaction, between 10th April and 10th May, cross the country to Portpatrick, take the steamer to Donaghadee, and then set off for Cunnemara as fast as you can hie, and you will be there time enough to have a month's good fishing in the Costello, the Spiddle, or

"The sweet flowing river of Ballinahinch."

I should like extremely to visit Cunnemara myself, "the next parish to America," as the Angler in Ireland says,—

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore."

"With angling enraptured, at ease sitting here,
While we talk of the scenes of our fishing next year,
How the salmon we'll tempt with a neatly dressed fly,
The time that will never return hastens by."

Whether fishing or talking about it—recounting past pleasures, or anticipating future—pulling out trouts as fast as we can throw in, or thinking time slow when wearying for a rise—in joy or in sorrow, in

sickness or in health, getting or spending—Old Time, however we may fancy him moving, fast or slow, still holds equably on his silent stealthy pace; and,

"Let the day be ever so long,
At length it ringeth to even song."

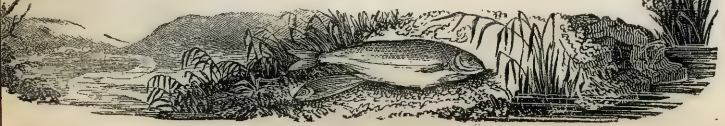
These candles, however, contrary to the usual progress of things, are growing gradually shorter. Tweddell, I wish you would give us another song, before they reach the vanishing point. You never sing now, I believe, Simpson—the more's the pity—either at kirk or merry meeting.

SIMPSON.—That is because you never avail yourself of an opportunity of hearing me. I am rather out of song—not of voice—at this time, remembering nothing but a few old ones, which were standards in the days of Incledon, but are now quite out of fashion, or I would give you a treat directly.

FISHER.—I can excuse you, for I have some indistinct recollection of once hearing you bawling out in the "Storm," and, in conjunction, though not in concert, with another amateur, completely reversing "All's Well." But come, Sandy, do favor us, if you please, and, for to-night, this shall positively be "the last time of asking." Something fishy, if you have such a thing in the cupboard of your memory.

TWEDDELL.—I have just been rummaging, and I think I have hit upon the very thing; but I expect that you will sing after me.

FISHER.—So I will, but not to-night. I will chaunt matins, in the morning, in a style that will



enrapture you. If there be a lark within hearing he will make himself hoarse till May in feeble emulation. Silence! have done making that noise with the stopper on the table, Simpson. You are trying to recollect some of your old "composers," I perceive. Get the start of him, Tweddell.

TWEDDELL.—Well then, since such is your wish, you shall have another stave.

THE ANGLER'S EVEN-SONG.

Sober eve is approaching, the sun is now set,
Though his beams on the hill-top are lingering yet;
The west wind is still, and more clearly is heard
In meadow and forest the note of each bird:
The crows to their roost are now winging their way:
It is time to give over my fishing to-day.

I arose in the morn, ere the sun could prevail
To disperse the grey mist that hung low in the vale.
To the linn I went straight, distant ten miles or more,
Where the stream rushes down with a bound and a roar;
In the black pool below I had scarce thrown my line,
Ere a trout seized the fly, and directly was mine.

How they rose, and I hooked them, 'twere needless to tell.
I fished down the stream to the lone cradle-well,
Where I sate myself down on a stone that was nigh,
(For the sun now was bright, and the trouts getting shy;)
A flask of good whiskey I had not failed to bring,
And I chasten'd its strength with a dash from the spring.

Refreshed then I rose and ascended the hill,
To gaze on the landscape so lonely and still;
Where I met an old shepherd, and near him lay down,
At the back of a cairn, where the heather was brown;
And we talked of old times, and he sang an old strain,
Till 'twas time to be gone to my fishing again.

Though my creel be so large, to the lid closely filled,
It will not hold the trouts which since morning I've killed;
I must string on a withy three dozen or more—
I ne'er in a day caught so many before,—
But though heavy my creel, yet my heart is so light
That I'll sing a song of my fishing at night.

SIMPSON.—Now, a toast to conclude with, Mr. Tweddell.

TWEDDELL.—"The gentle Art of Angling!"

FISHER.—A charming toast; no ball-room belle so deserving of a bumper. "Her ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

SIMPSON.—The best thing you have said to-night, Fisher; and most cordially do I say, Ditto.

(Exeunt omnes.)

CHAPTER IV.

RODS, HOOKS, AND TACKLE.

THE requisites of a good rod for fly-fishing are strength, lightness, and even pliability, so that it be not too supple in one part and too unyielding in another, but bending, when a heavy fish is hooked, in a regular curve from top to but, and thus equalizing the strain. Fifteen feet is a convenient length for a trouting rod; and a rod of this description,—having the two lower joints and the stock each about three feet three inches long, with the stock or but hollowed to contain a fourth joint, three feet long, with two top pieces, in case one should be broken when fishing, from eighteen to twenty-two inches,—may be carried in a bag, and put together when wanted. The small top-piece ought never to be joined to the next length by a brass socket, but by a neatly fitting "scare"—as the joining made by sloping each piece to alternate angles is called—and spliced on with a piece of double silk or fine twine, at the water side. When the rod is in the bag, the brass sockets ought always to be kept plugged, to prevent their being pressed together, with pieces of wood which exactly fit them; and in putting the rod

together, the ends which enter the sockets ought to be wetted, to make them swell, and thus keep firmer hold. When this precaution is not taken, and the ends not tightly fitted, the angler will sometimes, more especially when throwing a long line, be liable to send half of his rod to follow his fly. A piece of clean sound fir makes a good stock when it is not intended to be hollowed: but when it is required to be hollowed, there is nothing better than a piece of ash. Hickory is mostly used for the piece next the stock, and the upper lengths are made of lancewood, hazel, yew, &c. and the extremity of the top piece is sometimes of whalebone, bamboo, elder, or tortoise-shell, according to the taste of the owner. The piece of whalebone ought never to exceed six inches in length, for, though supple, it is not very elastic; and when too long it is apt to acquire a permanent bend, from frequent strain. Most anglers will acknowledge that the handiest rods which they have fished with are such as are not joined by means of sockets, but are scared, and which are not commonly reduced to more than two pieces. Such rods are only to be met with in the neighbourhood of a trout-stream, where the owner has no occasion to reduce them to short lengths for the convenience of carriage when travelling, but generally carries them to the water in two pieces, and frequently keeps them in a rack at their full length for weeks. Pocket rods consisting of eight or ten pieces, of eighteen inches each, are well adapted for the gudgeon

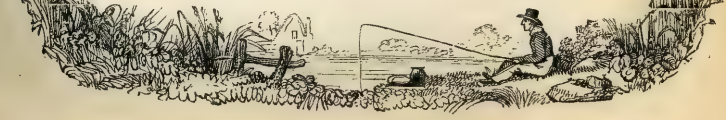
fisher who does not wish to have his errand known as he travels towards Hornsey or Tottenham Mills. The small leading rings, of brass wire, on trouting-rods are frequently so badly soldered where the ends meet, as to open almost as soon as a heavy fish is hooked. Five out of thirteen rings on a showy London-made rod began to gape and let the line through on the first day that it was used by a friend of the writer. Tackle-makers ought to be more attentive to have the rings well soldered; and the angler who wants a rod for use, and not for mere show, will have the rings made of harder and stouter wire than is now generally used. The ring at the end of the rod ought always to be close to the top-piece, without the two ends of wire, forming a sort of continuation of it, to be bent, like a crooked pin, with the slightest pull.

A salmon rod is usually from eighteen to twenty feet long; and the latter length is to be preferred where a person can use it freely. A long rod not only enables the angler who is perfectly master of it to cast farther, but it also gives him greater power in killing the fish when hooked, by using the but as a counterpoise, while a comparatively slight movement of his hand, as the centre of motion, causes the top to describe a considerably greater arc, than a rod three or four feet shorter;—an important consideration when the fish runs suddenly in, and the reel cannot be wound up so quick as to take in the slack line. The salmon-

rod is best made of materials similar to those recommended for a trouting-rod, only having a heavier but, which never ought to be hollow, nor ought any of the pieces to be joined by brass sockets, as the brass is liable to split when making a long cast, when considerable exertion is required, and the joints to work loose, in half an hour's play with a wild and strong fish. A salmon rod may be conveniently formed of four lengths; the stock six feet long, of ash or fir; the two next joints, five and a half and five feet respectively; and the top joint three feet and a half, made of some tough and elastic wood, with the extreme end of whalebone or spliced bamboo. Such a rod as this requires only three scares; and when the angler has his thread and twine for wrapping ready, it may be put together in little more than five minutes. There is no particular charm in the length of a rod which enables an angler to take salmon; and a twenty foot rod only confers power on him who can skilfully use it. Many a good salmon has been killed by a rod five feet shorter; and when an angler who is trout-fishing perceives a salmon, let him by all means try, if he have good tackle and a salmon fly with him, to hook the fish, and let him be not deterred from making the attempt on account of the shortness of his rod. Additional patience and unwearying perseverance will not unfrequently enable a skilful angler to land a salmon of ten pounds weight, which has taken a trout-fly, with tackle which a bungler would break in trying to pull out

a trout weighing three. In putting the bag-rod together, he is only a novice who requires to be told that the leading rings must be placed in a line; when the rod is joined by scares, the rings cannot be placed awry, because they are previously tied on so as to lie in a line. The rod used in trolling for pike is commonly about fifteen feet long, with the rings stouter, and placed at a greater distance than on a trouting-rod, and the top joint is stronger and less flexible.

A reel is indispensable in salmon-fishing, and many anglers carry it strapped about the waist by a belt, as they are thus enabled to use the rod with greater freedom. Others use it as in trout-fishing, attached to the but of the rod. A reel is always a useful appendage to a fly-rod, even where the fish are small, and the angler can hold them, or has room to play without risk to his tackle, as it enables him to lengthen or shorten his line at pleasure and without trouble. Some persons are fond of hearing their reel sound, though the trout which they have hooked be such an one as can hardly run the line off, and which they might easily land without allowing him an inch. Such are generally neophytes, who talk of the "play" of a trout not bigger than a sprat as if it were a salmo ferox of a dozen pounds. No experienced angler gives line but when he feels it, from the pull or the apparent size of the fish, to be necessary. When fishing in streams where large trouts are likely to be taken, a landing net is use-



ful; but in many places, where the angler travels for miles by the lonely stream — unbooted — for who could walk twenty miles cased up to the crutch in something like a French postilion's jack-boots?—this is often dispensed with, and the angler, after having fairly wearied out the fish, draws him gently to the shore, and lands him with his hand. A "gaff," which is a stick rather pliant, from three to four feet long, with a large hook screwed into one end, is used by the salmon-fisher to lift the fish out of the water.

In fishing for salmon it is generally necessary to have from sixty to eighty yards of line, which may be either of silk, or silk and hair, without knots, on the reel; and to the end of this should be looped or knotted a casting-line of hair about the length of the rod, consisting of sixteen hairs at the upper end, and gradually diminishing to ten or twelve where it is joined by the foot-length or link to which the hook is whipped. Many old anglers are of opinion that casting-lines, hand-twisted and knotted, may be thrown better, and are less liable to kink than such as are twisted by a machine. Being knotted is no objection to this portion of the line, as it is not required to be drawn within the rings.

A line from thirty to forty yards long, somewhat stronger and thicker towards the end which is fastened to the reel, is generally used for trout-fishing in streams; and such as are made of silk and hair are more pliant and less apt to kink than those that

are entirely of hair. To this a casting-line, either of single gut or hand-twisted hair, of the length of the rod, can be added, according to the state of the water. The great objection to hair-lines twisted by a machine, for casting, is their being so liable to run into circles, and not lying straight on the water. The cause of this is their being so hard twisted, for the purpose of keeping the ends of the hairs closely bedded in the strand. Some persons recommend steeping the line for a few minutes in cold-drawn linseed oil, with a view to make it waterproof, and run smooth, and that it may be less liable to kink. Such a practice is, however, by no means recommended, as it most certainly causes the line to rot sooner than one which is not so treated. New lines should always be wetted twice or thrice, and then stretched and well rubbed with a piece of woollen cloth or flannel, to take the kinks out of and smooth them, previous to being used. A great preservative of lines from rotting is to dry them thoroughly after they have been used. To put lines away damp is a ready mode of rendering them good for nothing.

By whatever name hooks may be called—Limerick, Kendal, Carlisle, or Kirby—and whatever may be the pretended excellence of this or that particular bend, the great object is to obtain them well made, neither so soft as to draw out almost straight, like a piece of pin-wire, nor so brittle as to snap on receiving a slight jerk. Before tying them they ought

to be tested; the smaller ones by pulling them with the fingers, and the larger ones by a smart pull when suspended over a wooden peg. The pretended advantages of one kind of bend over another, for hooking and holding fish, remain yet to be confirmed by experience. If the hook be in other respects well made, with a fine point and barb, the angler need not be particular about the bend. The hooks used by anglers are, in England, commonly numbered from 1 to 12; No. 1 being the largest in the series. A smaller hook than No. 12 is sometimes used in fishing for bleak and minnows; and there are salmon-hooks made two or three sizes larger than No. 1. No. 4 is about the size commonly dressed in the North as a gilse-hook; and salmon-flies are dressed upon Nos. 1 to 3, as well as upon hooks of larger size. The sizes mostly required in fly-fishing for trout are from No. 6 to No. 10. From 10 to 12 are used in angling for roach, dace, gudgeons, and smelts; and Nos. 5 and 6 are the sizes recommended in fishing with live bait for perch. Barbel, though commonly weighing from three to five pounds—many are taken in the season weighing ten pounds,—are angled for with a small hook, as they have a comparatively small mouth, and rather suck the bait in than bite at it boldly; and a hook about a No. 9 size, but made thicker and stronger than the common hooks, is frequently used by those who are partial to barbel-fishing.

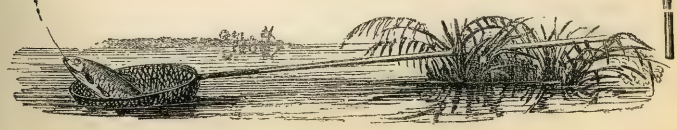
Most books on fly-fishing contain long lists of

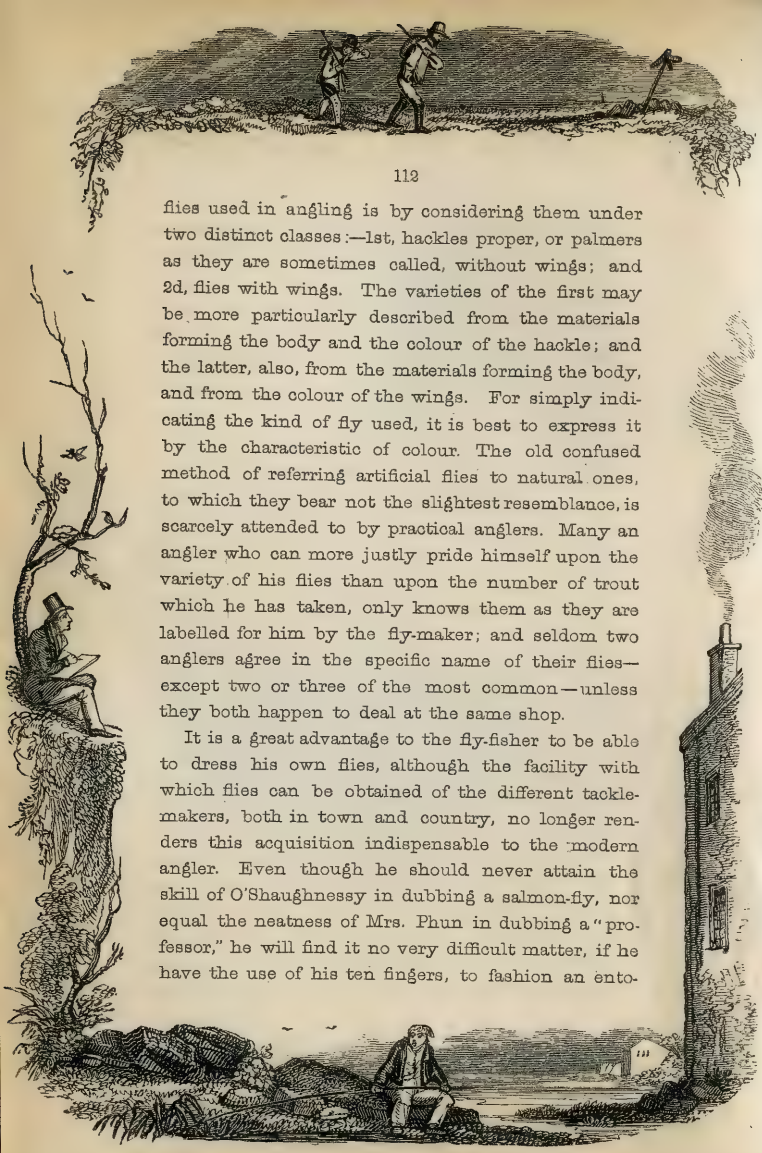
flies, named after the particular insect of which it is pretended they are an imitation, but to which they bear so very distant a resemblance that the most skilful entomologist would be completely at fault in assigning the species. Such lists, for the most part, only confuse the beginner, and give him wrong ideas of the rationale of the art, and are not of the least use to the proficient. The greatest number of trout, as is well known to every practical angler, are caught with flies which are the least like any which frequent the water. The imitation of the yellow May, which is so common on many streams towards the latter end of May and the beginning of June, is scarcely worth admitting into the angler's book; for when the natural fly is most abundant, and teachers say the imitation is to be used, it is generally good for nothing, as the trout very seldom take it when the real fly is on the water; but, in direct opposition to the unfounded theory, prefer a hackle, black, red, or brown, or a dark-coloured fly. Some writers have recommended light-coloured flies when the water is clear, and dark-coloured ones when it is discoloured; but in this advice we cannot concur, as our practice is nearly the reverse. When the water is clearing after rain—for it is needless to try fly-fishing when the water is at the full, and almost black during a spate or fresh—we again repeat it, that no flies are more likely to tempt trouts than red-hackles and flies with bodies of a similar shade; and when the water

is small and clear, small black and dark-coloured flies are to be preferred.

Wherever fly-fishing is practised — in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, and America — it has been ascertained from experience that the best flies are those which are not dressed professedly in imitation of any particular living insect. Red, black, and brown hackles; and flies with wings of the bittern's, mallard's, partridge's, woodcock's, grouse's, bald-coat's, martin's, or blue-hen's feathers, with dubbing of brown, yellow, or orange, occasionally blended, and hackles, red, brown, or black, under the wings, are the most useful flies that an angler can use, in day-light, on any stream, all the year through. For night fishing, in lakes or in "weils," as long still pools are called in the North, no fly is better than a white hackle. The directions given in books to beat the bushes by the side of the stream, to see what fly is on the water, and to open a fish's stomach, to see what kind of a fly the fish has been feeding on, that the angler may put on a similar one or dress an imitation at the water side, are not deserving of the least attention. The angler, when he goes out a fly-fishing, must be guided in his selection of flies by the state of the water, — whether clear or dull, smooth or ruffled by a breeze; and also by the state of the weather, as it may be cloudy or bright. When the water is clear, and the day rather bright, small flies and hackles of a dark shade are most likely to prove successful, if used with a fine

line and thrown by a delicate hand; but when both water and weather are in such a state, it is only by fishing in the morning and evening that the angler can expect the fish to rise. His best time is then before eight in the morning and after six in the evening, from June to August. When the water, in such weather, is ruffled by a fresh breeze, larger hackles and flies, of the same colour, may be used. When the water is clearing, after rain, a red hackle, and a fly with the body of orange-coloured mohair, dappled wings of a mallard or pea-fowl's feather, with a reddish-brown hackle under them, are likely to tempt trout, at any time of the day, from March to October. The old doctrine of a different assortment of flies for each month in the year is now deservedly exploded; for it is well known to practical anglers, who have never read a book upon the subject, and whose judgment is not biassed by groundless theories, that the flies with which they catch most fish in April will generally do them good service during the whole season. The names which are given to artificial flies are for the most part arbitrary, and afford no guide, with two or three exceptions, for distinguishing the fly meant. Where the materials for dressing a dozen flies are so very much alike that when they are finished there is so little difference in appearance that one angler will give them one name, and another a different one, it is absurd to pretend to affix to each an individual appellation. The best mode of arranging the artificial





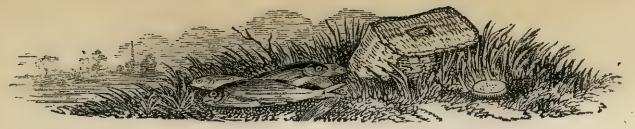
flies used in angling is by considering them under two distinct classes:—1st, hackles proper, or palmers as they are sometimes called, without wings; and 2d, flies with wings. The varieties of the first may be more particularly described from the materials forming the body and the colour of the hackle; and the latter, also, from the materials forming the body, and from the colour of the wings. For simply indicating the kind of fly used, it is best to express it by the characteristic of colour. The old confused method of referring artificial flies to natural ones, to which they bear not the slightest resemblance, is scarcely attended to by practical anglers. Many an angler who can more justly pride himself upon the variety of his flies than upon the number of trout which he has taken, only knows them as they are labelled for him by the fly-maker; and seldom two anglers agree in the specific name of their flies—except two or three of the most common—unless they both happen to deal at the same shop.

It is a great advantage to the fly-fisher to be able to dress his own flies, although the facility with which flies can be obtained of the different tackle-makers, both in town and country, no longer renders this acquisition indispensable to the modern angler. Even though he should never attain the skill of O'Shaughnessy in dubbing a salmon-fly, nor equal the neatness of Mrs. Phun in dubbing a "professor," he will find it no very difficult matter, if he have the use of his ten fingers, to fashion an ento-

mological non-descript, which, if used with tolerable skill, will clearly let him see, that, in spite of what the old gnostics teach, it does not require more wisdom to delude trouts than it does to govern the world. "Where fules and fish," said an old angler, unwittingly paraphrasing a maxim of antiquity, "are willing to be beguiled, it is no sae very fine a flee that is needed to catch them."

Though no directions, however explicit, for dressing flies, are so likely to convey an idea of the operation as seeing a fly made, yet the following lessons may be of some service to grown gentlemen—but abecedarians in fly-fishing and fly-dressing—who do not like to ask for or may not have an opportunity of obtaining practical instruction.

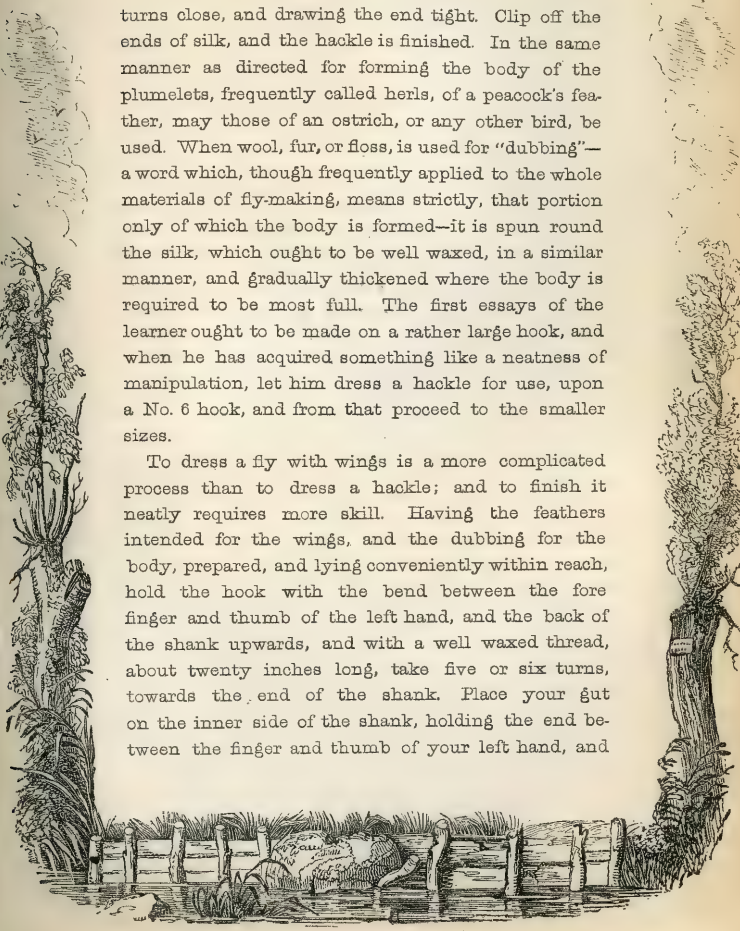
Having your materials ready, hold the hook in a horizontal position, with the shank downmost, and the bend between the fore finger and thumb of your left hand. Having half a yard of silk ready waxed, take it by the middle, between the finger and thumb which holds the hook, and with your right hand give it three or four turns round the shank, inclining them towards its end, and there fasten the silk with a single loop. Next, place the end of the gut on the inside of the shank, and reaching nearly to the bend, and holding it straight, whip it tightly on till your turns reach as far as the bend, and then fasten your silk again with a single loop. The two ends of your silk will now hang down together. With the longest end of your silk, with three turns, whip, on the inner



side of the hook, at the bend, three plumelets from the stem of a peacock's tail feather, by the upper ends, and with the root part lying towards the left hand, again fastening the silk by a single loop. Next, with the fore finger and thumb of the right hand, twist the plumelets and silk together, and wrap them closely round the shank till you come to the end, when you must twitch or cut off the superfluous feathers, and fasten your silk with a double loop. With a pair of scissors you are now to trim the body of the fly to a proper form, keeping it full towards the middle, and tapering towards the bend. With the other end of silk still hanging from the bend of the hook, whip the point of a hackle in the bend of the hook, in the same manner as the plumelets, keeping the bright side of the feather downmost, and stroking the fibres from the point towards the root. Wind the hackle from the bend towards the end of the shank; and at every second turn, holding fast what you have so far wound, pick out, with a needle, such of the fibres as you may have wrapped in. Proceed in this manner till you come near to the end of the shank, when you must clip off from the stem of the hackle the fibres which are not required, pare down the stem itself, press it close to the shank, and, with the silk well waxed, whip it tightly down with two or three turns, fastening the silk off by wrapping it thrice over the fore finger of your left hand, laid upon the hook, passing the end through

the triple loop thus formed, wrapping the three turns close, and drawing the end tight. Clip off the ends of silk, and the hackle is finished. In the same manner as directed for forming the body of the plumelets, frequently called herls, of a peacock's feather, may those of an ostrich, or any other bird, be used. When wool, fur, or floss, is used for "dubbing"—a word which, though frequently applied to the whole materials of fly-making, means strictly, that portion only of which the body is formed—it is spun round the silk, which ought to be well waxed, in a similar manner, and gradually thickened where the body is required to be most full. The first essays of the learner ought to be made on a rather large hook, and when he has acquired something like a neatness of manipulation, let him dress a hackle for use, upon a No. 6 hook, and from that proceed to the smaller sizes.

To dress a fly with wings is a more complicated process than to dress a hackle; and to finish it neatly requires more skill. Having the feathers intended for the wings, and the dubbing for the body, prepared, and lying conveniently within reach, hold the hook with the bend between the fore finger and thumb of the left hand, and the back of the shank upwards, and with a well waxed thread, about twenty inches long, take five or six turns, towards the end of the shank. Place your gut on the inner side of the shank, holding the end between the finger and thumb of your left hand, and



wrap it three or four times about with your silk, immediately above its junction with the shank; then whip it, with three or four turns, to the shank, as firmly as your silk will allow, fastening it with a single loop. Then take the feathers for the wings, laying them on the outside of the shank, with their bright side next the hook, with the points towards the gut and the root towards the fingers, holding the hook by the bend, and with two or three turns whip them fast. Fasten your silk with a single loop; cut off the root of the feathers close to the silk, and continue your whipping till you come to the bend of the hook, and then, with a single loop, fasten your silk again. Having your dubbing for the body ready, spin it, from the fore finger and thumb of your left hand at the bend of the hook, round your silk, which should be well waxed, with the fore finger and thumb of your right, and wind round the hook till you come to the wings, where you must take a double turn, and then, stripping off the superfluous dubbing from the silk, whip it neatly down. Next separate the wings, and turn them back as you intend them to stand, and bind them so by alternately crossing the silk between the separation. Wax your silk well, and twist round it the dubbing for the head, take two or three turns, as may be required, to the end of the shank, and fasten your silk off, as directed in dressing a hackle. With a needle, raise the dubbing gently from the warp;

trim the body to a proper form; set the wings straight; and the work is done.

This is the mode of dressing a winged fly of the simplest kind; but where a hackle is wrapped over the dubbing, as is frequently the case, the mode of proceeding is as follows:—First wrap your silk four or five times round that part of the gut which is exposed to be chafed by the end of shank; then placing the gut on the inner side of the hook, with four or five turns, from the shank end, whip it as tightly as the silk will bear, and fasten the silk with a single loop. Place your feathers for the wings on the back of the hook, whip them fast, cut off the roots, continue the whipping to the bend of the hook, and fasten off with a single loop as before directed. If you intend to dress your fly with whisks —bristle-like projections forming a forked and sometimes a triple tail — the small feathers or hairs meant to represent them are now to be whipped to the back of the hook, with a couple of turns of the silk. Next whip on your hackle-feather, by the point, as you would do in making a hackle proper, take a turn or two round the bare hook, below the whisks, and fasten your silk by a single loop. Now wax your silk well, spin round it your dubbing, — of floss, wool, or fur, accordingly as you intend to form the body — wrap it once or twice below the whisks, and then wind it up as far as the wings; strip from the silk the superfluous dubbing, and fasten with a single loop. Rib up the body with the hackle,

taking care to keep the fibres clear, till you come to the wings, and then, with two or three turns, fatens it neatly down. Turn back the wings to the position in which they are intended to lie, and if they be large, give them two or three wraps over all, to keep them well back. Divide the wings equally with a needle, and give them two or three wraps between the point of division crossing alternately. Wax your thread well, spin round it the dubbing for the head, wrap it from the wings to the end of the shank, fasten your silk properly off, and the fly is made. These directions, which we have endeavoured to render as intelligible as possible though at the expense of sundry repetitions, and apparently needless instructions in minute points, will enable the learner to dress a fly; although it is probable that the result of his first attempts will be such as are more likely to frighten than to allure a trout. Let not the novice, however, be alarmed, like a second Frankenstein, at the sight of a creature of his own making, but continue his essays; and after a few trials, more especially if he have an opportunity of seeing an artist at work—should he be not a gentleman of obtuse understanding, and deficient in "tact," one whose fingers are "all thumbs"—he will be delighted to perceive the flies of his own manufacture gradually assume a shape less questionable, and at last come from his hands perfect: most captivating hackles, hare's lugs, professors, grey drakes, starling's wings, and wren's

tails which "look at once both love and murder"—formed both for the delight and the destruction of trouts.

The angler who dresses, dubs, busses, or ties his own flies—for these are all synonymes of the same process—has an additional source of pleasure opened to him in the collection of materials; and while gathering fur and feathers from quadruped and fowl, he is at once adding to the store of his dubbing-bag and to his stock of information in Natural History. He learns to distinguish the nice shades of difference in the feathers of the starling and the grouse, of the dotterel and the wren, the pheasant and the partridge, the mallard and the pintado, the bald coot and the black hen; and so acute is the discriminating faculty of the practised collector that no keeper of wild beasts can cheat him with the fur of a Barbary Ape for that of the Green Monkey of Demerara; the soft fur of whose thorax and abdomen, of gosling-green slightly tinged with mouse-colour, is so great a desideratum with every amateur and professional fly-dresser. To an angler of this class the Zoological Gardens afford a treat far beyond that which is enjoyed by the mere lover of natural history; for, in addition to the pleasure of seeing the animals, he has the gratification of collecting materials for his dubbing-bag, and receives his shilling's worth twice over. A friend of ours visited this collection about two years since, and during his three hours' perambulation, contrived to amass such a

stock of hair and feathers as renders his dubbing-bag unique. The wings of one of his salmon-flies are formed of the feathers of a condor, variegated with the plumage of a macaw; the body is formed of the undergrowth of a lion's mane, and the whisks are from the beard of a leopard. A feather from the wing which may have soared above the top of Chimborago has often floated on "Tweed's fair river," between Coldstream and Norham, and the hair from a mane which may have been dabbled in the blood of the antelope in the desarts of Africa has more than once been red with the blood of a Tweed salmon. From a Hudson's Bay owl, which he caught napping, he obtained some fine brown-brindled feathers; and he would have "feathered his nest" well with the emerald plumes of a parrot had not Poll screamed out "murder!" and compelled him to desist.

The angler's dubbing-bag ought to contain fine wool, floss, silk, and mohair, of various colours, brown, red, orange, lemon, and straw-colour, olive, willow-green, and drab. Fur of various shades,—gosling-green, cinnamon, dun, brown, brownish-yellow, and mouse-colour. Feathers, for wings, of different shades, from a dark brown to a bluish-grey. The under-mentioned birds will afford an ample assortment for the use of the fly-fisherman:—the cormorant, heron, bald-coot, starling, dotterel, field-fare, grouse, partridge, glead or kite, pheasant, owl, mallard, teal, pintado, turkey, jay (for salmon-flies), tern, and mar-

tin. Peacock and ostrich feathers supply him with herls, and those of the latter may be dyed of any colour required. Hackles, red, black, and white, with a variety of intermediate shades, are obtained from the neck and from the wing-coverts of the common cock and hen. In fact, there is scarcely a bird, from an eagle to a tom-tit, whose feathers may not be of service to the angler, in enabling him to vary the colours of his flies. Even the light downy feather of a goose tied on a hook, in the simplest fashion, has been sometimes used with success in night-fishing. Bright scarlet hackles, which are mostly used in dressing salmon-flies, may be obtained from any military acquaintance who shows a tuft of red feathers in his plume. The topping or crest, which moves so gracefully on the head of the lapwing, as he bobs about upon the fell, is often recommended for the body of a fly; but it is more praised for this purpose than it deserves, for the herl of an ostrich answers the purpose much better. No gentle angler will kill him for the sake of his crest, nor the martin for the sake of his wing; and none but a downright barbarian—a scientific savage who would "murder to dissect," or his purveyor, who would Burke a young sweep for the price that his teeth would bring at a dentist's—would think of shooting a wren, and she perchance a widow, with a small family of thirteen unfledged young ones dependent on her—her mate having fallen a prey to a hawk or a weazel,—for the pitiful reward of her tail.

Gut and hair links, strong silk for whipping, of different colours; gold and silver tinsel, or twist, for ribbing; with wax, needles, penknife, and a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, are necessary appendages to the dubbing-bag.

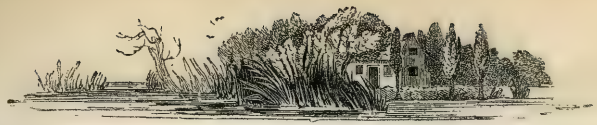
From March till May, salmon are generally angled for with flies of more sober colours than are used from May to September; and three of each kind are here enumerated, though it is by no means pretended that, in the summer season, salmon will rise at the latter only.

1. Body of a brownish yellow, formed of the fur from the roots of a hare's ears; wrapped with a yellowish-red, or, as it is called, a ginger hackle; wings from the feather of a bittern's wing, with whisks of the same.

2. Mouse-coloured body of fur, tipped with scarlet at the head and tail; wings of a turkey's feather; a red or brownish-yellow hackle, from half-way up the body to the wings.

3. Cinnamon coloured body of mohair, fur or wool, tipped with red; leaden-coloured wings of the feather of a heron; blood-red hackle, from half-way up the body to the wings.

These three flies are given as standards for colour, of which many varieties may be dressed by blending the dubbing and varying the shade of the wings and hackles, according to the angler's fancy. The last two flies may be dressed either with or without whisks.



4. Body of claret-coloured wool or mohair twisted in with the herl of a peacock's feather, ribbed with tinsel or twist; grouse hackle under the wings; head of red mohair; wings of the blue and white mottled feather of a jay, with strips of bright blue feather extending a little beyond them.

5. Body of smoky-dun coloured fur or wool and black ostrich herl; tipped at head and tail with bright orange; full red hackle over the body; wings of a bittern's feather, with strips of red at each side.

6. Body leaden-colour; ribbed with tinsel or bright yellow silk, with a full black hackle over it; three short black filaments for whisks; wings of blackish green feather of a cormorant, variegated with blue and green from the eye of a peacock's tail-feather; red mohair for the head.

All the above flies may be dressed on hooks No. 1 to 4, and varieties of the three last may be dressed by blending dubbing of different shades, and varying the shade of the hackle and wings. According to the size that salmon run in the water where the angler is fishing, and the facility afforded by the banks of the river for killing a fish, he must suit the strength of his link. In comparatively small pools, rocky, with a strong fall of water at the head, or a sudden bend, formed by a jutting rock, towards which a salmon generally hastens when hooked, and where strength as well as skill is required to turn him, single gut will seldom avail. In such

places, the hook ought to be whipped to triple gut or a link of nine horse-hairs. In long slacks or weils clear of rocks, where the banks afford the angler a quarter of a mile's clear run, single salmon gut, or a link of six hairs, may suffice. We have heard of salmon-fishers using only three hairs; and that small fish, from four to seven pounds, may be killed with so fine a link, there is no doubt; but should a salmon of fourteen pounds take the fly when the angler is using such an one, he will be very likely to wish that it were tripled. A stouter kind of gut called salmon-gut is used in dressing large hooks for gilse and salmon. As the link is generally fastened —or bent, as a whale-fisherman says of the junction of the foreganger, the foot length of his harpoon, and the whale-line—to the casting-line by a loop, it is advisable to have it not less than three feet long. A double loop near the hook is always to be avoided, as small air bubbles are apt to collect round it, as well as from its falling heavier on the water.

Large flies of the most gorgeous colours—a prismatic combination of red, orange, yellow, green, or blue—are sometimes dressed, but they are rather for show than use; though salmon will unquestionably take a very gaudy fly when a more quaker-like beauty will not tempt them to rise. It is needless to give directions for dressing such a parti-coloured paragon, as any person who can dress a fly has only to consider the rainbow as his type for colour, and he

will scarcely fail to produce as perfect a specimen of the genus as any salmon would wish to take.

The following flies are such as are most generally used in angling for trout; and any one of them may be used either as a stretcher or a dropper; the former being the fly at the end of the line, the other that which is placed higher up. Whether angling in lake or stream, it is advisable to use three; the lower dropper about three feet from the end fly, attached to the foot-length by a link two and a half inches long; and the second dropper about two feet above the lower, by a link an inch longer. The foot-length, or trail, as it is called in some parts of England, ought to be three yards long, from the end fly to the casting-line, to which it ought always to be knotted, and not looped; and for fine fishing, when the water is low and clear, it ought to be of the finest gut, and the flies of the smallest size.

HACKLES PROPER, WITHOUT WINGS.

1. Black hackle. — Dubbing of brown, leaden, or claret colour, with a black hackle over it.

2. Similar dubbing, with smoky-dun hackle. These two are to be tried when the water is clear.

3. Red hackle.—Claret, cinnamon, or bright brown, with a red hackle from a cock's neck. The colour of this hackle is of various shades, from a yellowish-red or ginger hackle to a reddish-brown.

4. Soldier hackle.—Dull scarlet or light claret colour, with a bright red hackle. This and No. 3, will generally be found useful when the water is rising or falling, and before it becomes quite turbid, after rain.

5. Grouse hackle.—Olive or cinnamon colour, reddish-brown mottled feather of the cock bird of the red grouse or moor-game for hackle.

6. Wren's tail.—Black and orange colour blended; hackle of the feather of a wren's tail, or one of similar colour. May be used as a dropper at all times.

7. Hare's lug.—Light-coloured fur of a hare's ear, or the white herl of an ostrich feather, blended with straw-coloured floss-silk; white or grey hackle over all. This is of excellent use in the dusk of a summer's evening, either on lake or stream.

WINGED FLIES.

8. Body lemon-coloured; wings of a starling's feather, with whisks of the same.

9. Body of the fur of a hare's ear, blended with black; wings as the last, of a starling's feather.

10. Body of hare's ear; mallard's wings, with red hackle under them.

11. Body olive colour, with lemon-coloured tip; red hackle over it; wings of the pheasant.

12. Olive, cinnamon, or straw-coloured body; grouse-hackle over it; wings of a mallard, silver pheasant, or pintado.

13. Body mouse or leaden colour, tipped with silver; ginger or yellowish hackle; wings of the heron or tern.

14. Body gosling-green and drab blended; ribbed with silver; cinnamon-coloured wings of a dotterel; with red hackle under them.

15. Copper-coloured body, tipped with red; wings of the starling, the pheasant, or bittern.

16. Body of the black herl of an ostrich; ribbed with silver; wings of the blue feather of a heron.

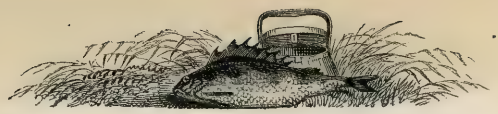
17. May fly.—Body yellow or straw colour; wings of a mallard's breast feather dyed yellow, with ginger hackle under them; whisks, the light brown filaments of a pheasant's wing feather, or three black hairs.

18. Grey drake.—White or cream-coloured body, ribbed with brown; mottled wings of a mallard's or grey drake's feather; grey hackle under them; whisks as the last.

19. Cream-coloured body; wings of the feather of the grey owl; with similar hackle underneath.

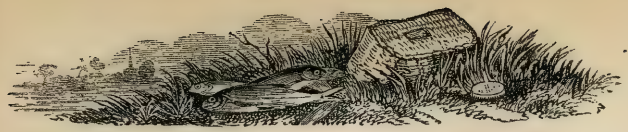
20. Similar body to the last; bittern's hackle; wings of the greyish-blue feather of the tern. The last two may be used with advantage towards the dusk of the evening.

The above hackles and flies may be dressed upon hooks No. 6 to 10, and used according to the state of the weather or the size of the fish that the angler may expect to take. No. 6 to 7 will do for large trout



and whitlings, when the day is windy and the water rough: a hook of No. 9 size may be used in smoother water; and small hooks from 10 to 12, when the water is clear and there is little wind. The feather for the wing is rather mentioned as indicating the colour than intended to convey the notion that it is absolutely necessary to use the feather of the bird specified: any other, of the same or similar shade, will do as well. Trouts are not particular as to a shade, or inclined to examine the lure minutely, when they are disposed to feed. When the day is bright, the water clear, and no wind, so that the fish can distinctly see the lure offered to them, it is needless to expect to catch many with the artificial fly; although, on such occasions, two or three infatuated gluttons, who cannot resist the cravings of appetite, though they may plainly see that there is "death on the fly," may be caught when the rapidity of the stream, flowing over an uneven bottom, causes a ripple at the surface. Though we know, from frequent experience, that two or three flies — which are specified as such in the list — are generally well adapted for night-fishing, or when the water is clear, yet we must acknowledge that we are aware of no better mode of deciding what flies are especially suited for each month in the year, than by putting one of each kind noticed in our list into a hat, on the 1st of each month, and drawing out blindfold the first half-dozen which fix themselves in the fingers; and we

dare pledge our piscatorial reputation that they will be found as killing for trout, during that month, as any particular half dozen set down for the same month "in the books." Writers who have formed their lists of flies for each particular month of the year according to the example of old father Walton, have not attended to the alteration in the calendar since his time, and do not seem to know that fish, never having been made acquainted with the act of George II., commanding the change, still observe the old style. All the editions of Walton published since this act for correcting the calendar—that is all from the date of Moses Browne's, anno 1759, to the present time—are consequently twelve days too slow in their lists of flies for every month, and require correction accordingly. It is surprising that the editor of a late expensive edition of Walton, who is so well acquainted with dates and calendars, should have over-looked this most important fact, as in such kind of annotation it might be presumed that he would have found himself most at home. Sir Humphrey Davy, who, in his "Salmonia," has shown himself rather too prone to find a reason for every thing connected with angling, has, in that work, put forth some grave trifling, which he intended for reasoning, on the subject of salmon taking a fly whose original—supposing the lure to be an imitation of the dragon-fly—they never could have seen; and the result of his ratiocination is very like "a conclusion wherein nothing is concluded." Ac-



cording to Sir Humphrey, the salmon may take the fly in sport or from curiosity; or if they take it as food it may be in a mistake for a small fish, or from a vague recollection of the flies upon which they fed when samlets.—Now we are arrived at the last link of the chain, but what does that hang on? The mystery of the samlets taking any kind of fly,—as they can receive no lessons in entomology from their parents, who are recruiting themselves in the salt water at the mouth of the river before their progeny have burst from the "pea" near its source,—is at least as great as the salmon taking a showy lure of fur and feathers, which may be like something that he may have tasted before, while the impulse which prompts the samlet to seize his "first fly" must be purely intuitive. But this is not the only attempt in the book to explain the ignotum per ignotius, and after a parade of showy argument, but feeble reasoning, leaving the question where it was. One of the grounds for supposing that salmon take the fly from curiosity or in sport, is, that, during their abode in rivers, they are never found with food in the stomach: with equal reason may we not suppose that they take the worm, minnow, small trout, gudgeon, and par-tail—for it is known that they will bite at all these—from the same motives? What a playful and inquisitive fish the salmon must be! Believe with us, gentle reader, —which is according to the faith of your grandsire,— that the salmon takes the fly, whether a quaker in sober

drab, or an anonymous cheat in green, purple, scarlet, and gold, for the purpose of swallowing it, should it prove to his taste. The digestive power of the salmon is known to be great, and the process of digestion rapid, and if their food consisted only of flies and insects when in fresh water,—as most assuredly it does not—there would be nothing wonderful in the stomach always being empty when caught in rivers. As the stomach of the salmon, as in man, probably retains its power for some time after the animal is deprived of life, the question as to the fish not feeding when in fresh water cannot be decided by examining the stomach three or four hours after death, when it is possible that the contents may in that time have been digested. On a dozen different rivers in England, Ireland, and Scotland, let the stomachs of fifty salmon, at each place, during the season, be examined immediately after the fish is landed, and we think it probable that food of some kind—worms, fish, or insects—will be found. It was at one period asserted and believed, that nothing, except mere fluid, was ever to be found in the stomach of a salmon, either during his abode in salt water or in fresh, till it was discovered that in salmon taken at the mouths of rivers the stomach was frequently full of sand eels.

The annexed Plate of Angling Apparatus contains representations of—1, 2. Plummets for sounding the depth of the water; the first with a ring at the top, and a piece of cork at the bottom to stick the point

of the hook in; the second, a roll of thin sheet lead, one of the folds of lead being passed round the shank of the hook when used. 3. A bank-runner. 4. Tin box for gentles. 5. Clearing-ring. 6. Reel, winch, or pirn. 7, 7. Cork floats. 8, 8, 8. Quil floats. 9. Trimmer. 10. Gaff, or landing-hook, with a telescope handle. 11. Disgorger. 12. Landing-net. 13. Bait-kettle. 14. Live-bait, showing the mode of fixing the hook, either through the back or the lip. 15 Gorge-bait. 16. Gorge-hook and baiting-needle. 17. Thumb-winder. 18. Hooks, from No. 6 to 13, with specimens of single or double eel-hooks underneath. 19. The artificial bait called a "devil." 20. Drag-hooks, for clearing away weeds, and drawing to land night-lines and trimmers. 21. Rod, with the line ready fixed and shotted for float-fishing. 22. Creel, pannier, or fishing-basket. 23. Angler's pocket-book.

Of the various baits used in angling, the following are the principal. The dew, garden, and lob-worm, though differing considerably in form and colour, according to the nature of the earth in which they are found, are of the same species. They are better suited for the angler's purpose after they have been kept a few days in damp moss, as they then scour themselves, and become tougher. A piece of common brick, pounded small and moistened, may be added to the moss, as it assists to scour them. The brandling, so called from having brands or stripes across the body, is smaller than the lob-worm, and of a deeper red colour. It is found in old dung-hills

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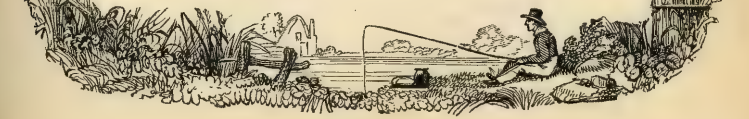
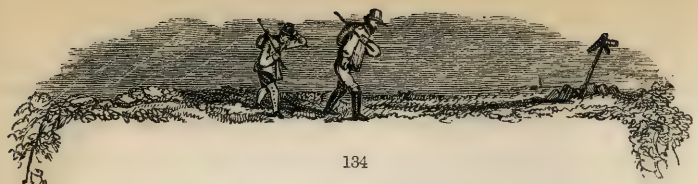
and heaps of old tanner's bark. It is a good bait for small trout, perch, and par.

Maggots, or gentles, as they are mostly called by South-country anglers, may be bred by any person who requires them, by exposing a piece of offal to be blown on by flies. A stock may be preserved for winter use by putting a November brood, well supplied with bran, into a cellar or cool place, where they are not likely to be killed by the frost. When angling with gentles, it is best to keep them amongst bran in a small tin box. In fly-fishing for trout, a gentle, on the point of a hook, is sometimes used, with a hackle, to considerable advantage. The young brood of wasps and bees; grubs, which are turned up by the plough in spring; and cad-bait or caddis-worms — which are the larvæ or maggot of two or three kinds of flies, and found in streams, inclosed in a case of small shells and stones, hollowed twigs, straw, and pieces of reed — are occasionally used as bait. The young brood of wasps and bees, when dried in an oven, become tough, and will keep good for a month. Cad-bait are to be kept in their cases in any cool place amongst damp sand.

Paste for bait used in angling for carp, chub, roach, or dace, may be made of a piece of soft white bread, new from the oven, dipped in honey; or, instead of honey, loaf sugar, dissolved and simmered over the fire to the consistence of syrup, and worked with a piece of new white bread to the consistence of a tough paste. It may be coloured,



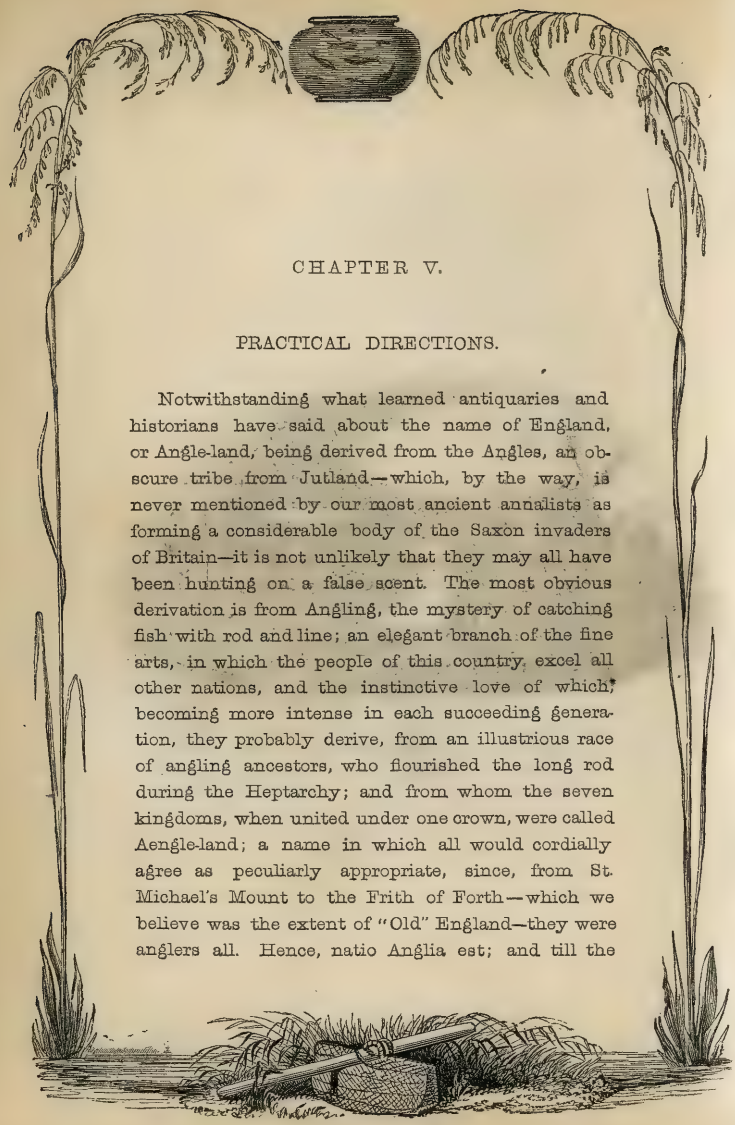


if the angler pleases, with vermilion, red ochre, or turmeric, accordingly as it may be wanted red or yellow; and if he be a believer in the efficacy of scents to allure fish, he may add to his composition a few drops of anniseed, or any other oil, for the learned in these matters have not yet agreed what particular kind of oil is best.

Minnows, gudgeons, small roach, and dace, for dead bait, are best carried amongst bran, in a tin box divided lengthways into three partitions, as may be seen in some cigar cases, to prevent them rubbing against each other. This is a much better mode than carrying them in a damp cloth, which renders them soft, sloppy, and good for nothing.

Ground-bait for chub, roach, dace, and barbel, may consist of small balls of clay, bran, crumb of bread, with gentles, or greaves, cut into small pieces, worked up together and thrown into the water. Greaves are refuse animal matter from which all the fat has been extracted by boiling, and may be had of the tallow-chandlers. Sometimes it is advisable to bait the ground the night before. Blood from the slaughter-house, bullock's brains, and other kinds of garbage, are used by certain "brother bobs," to collect the fish round their "swim." This style of angling ought to be left to the uninterrupted enjoyment of butchers' boys, who are familiar with the blood-kit and lay-stall, knackers, nightmen, and such gentry as the employers of Burke and Hare, and Bishop and Williams. When fish—and those of the most worthless

kind, and affording the least sport—are only to be caught by scattering clotted blood and "blowing brains," angling, instead of being a "recreation to the contemplative man," must be a punishment to all save those who may be considered peculiarly qualified for a situation in Wombwell's Menagerie or the Zoological Gardens—"deferre viscera urso;" or, as the phrase is decently wrapped up in the ver nacular, by an imitator of Dr. Johnson, "to convey the intestines of the ox to the den of the bear." Never, gentle reader, if you wish to merit the name of "gentle angler," defile your hands with blood; and never, as you hope "to print on her soft lips a balmy kiss," or—if you be waxing hoary—as the long-drawn kiss of first and youthful love remains hallowed in your memory, never pollute your mouth by putting into it the raw brains of a sheep or an ox. If you wish to enjoy the true pleasures of angling—the pleasure of filling a large creel amidst the inspiring solitude of hills and streams—away with you to some lonely village, towards the head of a trout stream, where no butcher resides within ten miles; where fresh mutton is only to be had once a week, and where bullock's brains are only to be obtained once a year—that is, when the only farmer in the place kills a kyloe at Martinmas, for winter provision.



CHAPTER V.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

Notwithstanding what learned antiquaries and historians have said about the name of England, or Angle-land, being derived from the Angles, an obscure tribe from Jutland—which, by the way, is never mentioned by our most ancient annalists as forming a considerable body of the Saxon invaders of Britain—it is not unlikely that they may all have been hunting on a false scent. The most obvious derivation is from Angling, the mystery of catching fish with rod and line; an elegant branch of the fine arts, in which the people of this country excel all other nations, and the instinctive love of which, becoming more intense in each succeeding generation, they probably derive, from an illustrious race of angling ancestors, who flourished the long rod during the Heptarchy; and from whom the seven kingdoms, when united under one crown, were called Aengle-land; a name in which all would cordially agree as peculiarly appropriate, since, from St. Michael's Mount to the Frith of Forth—which we believe was the extent of "Old" England—they were anglers all. Hence, natio Anglia est; and till the

end of time may the love of her children towards the gentle art, and their skill in its exercise, continue to render the name appropriate;—for so all piscatory authors, booksellers, publishers, and tackle-makers, are in duty bound to pray. The conjecture that the name Anglia, or Aengle-land, is derived from "angling," will be considerably strengthened when we consider that the more ancient name, Britannia, is most probably derived from Britthyl, a trout, meaning the country abounding in trouts; a much more feasible etymology than that of Humphrey Lhuyd, who derives it from Pryd and Cam, fertile and fair: a far-fetched etymology, for which Buchanan — a savage with the rod, as the royal breech of James VI. could testify — scourges him soundly. The change of name, from Land of Trouts to Land of Anglers, is at once simple and natural, and exactly what a philosophical etymologist would be most likely to infer. Let any person look at the map of England, including in his survey Scotland, Ireland, and the Principality,—that is, if he have not personally visited each country, which every gentleman, at least, ought to do before making the tour of Europe — and from the brooks, becks, and burns which he will see rising in all directions, and winding through the country, at last forming a noble river,—capable of bearing on its bosom the native oak, which erst shaded its banks, but now formed, to bear Britannia's thunders, and "to quell the depths below," —and he will directly perceive, from the very physical

constitution of the country, that England is peculiarly adapted to form a race of anglers. The very climate, which certain foreigners decry as being dull and cloudy, is decidedly in favour of the angler; for, notwithstanding the number and excellence of our streams, had we the clear atmosphere and cloudless skies of Italy, the fly-fisher's occupation would, in a great measure, be gone. Above all other classes of Englishmen, the fly-fisher has most reason to be satisfied with the climate of his own country; and were a course of angling to form—as it ought—a branch of liberal education, we should not have so many absentees mis-spending their money and their time, and losing the freshness of honest English feeling in the enervating climate and degraded society of Italy.

"O, native Britain! O, my mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks, and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being!"*

Under the term "Angling," Professor Rennie includes all kinds of fishing with a hook, in salt water

* Coleridge, Fears in Solitude.

as well as in fresh; and it must be admitted,—though the fact militates against our derivation of Anglia from "Angling,"—that the people of Sussex, about 678, were so ignorant of the "gentle art," that the only fish that they knew how to catch were eels, which they probably managed to capture after the primitive fashion of "bobbing" with a pottle of hay. St. Wilfred, however, taught them the art of fishing with nets, and with hooks and lines; and thus enabled them, at a period of famine, to procure a supply of food from their own rivers and bays. "This Bishop," says the venerable Bede, who records the event, "gained the affections of the people of Sussex to a wonderful degree by teaching them this useful art; and they listened the more willingly to his preaching from whom they had received so great a benefit." St. Wilfred probably acquired his knowledge of sea-fishing at Lindisfarn or Holy Island, where he was educated; and, as angling was allowed to ecclesiastics as a recreation, it is not unlikely that the Saint may have fished fly for salmon in the Tyne, when he was bishop of Hexham.

Sea-fishing, with hook and line, though comprehended by Professor Rennie under the general term "Angling," does not come within the scope of our "Souvenir," otherwise, we might here insert certain "Recollections of Cod-fishing," which, perchance, might prove more lengthy than interesting. We will, however, do better; we will embellish this portion of the volume with a few illustrations of coast scenery,

which can scarcely fail of exciting most pleasing sea-side reminiscences. Behold the joint effect of Topham's pencil and Beckwith's burin, and read the description of Crabbe:

"Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint—the Sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when rous'd by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the far sail, and cheat th'experienced eye.

"Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends
And with the cooler in its fall contends.)
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking, curling to the strand,
Faint lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide."

But,—having thus taken a glimpse of the sea,—to return to our fresh-water angling.—Previous to enumerating the fish which are prin-

cipally caught in the rivers and lakes of England by angling, it may perhaps be of some service to the angler to give a brief sketch of their arrangement, according to the system of Linnæus. This distinguished naturalist divides fishes proper—that is, such as breathe wholly by means of gills—into four Orders, which he discriminates by the absence or by the position of certain fins, considered by him analogous with the feet of quadrupeds.

The first Order—Apodes, or Footless, comprises such fish as are without the pair of ventral fins which are found on the lower part of the body, between the vent and the mouth in all the other orders. Of this order the eel affords a familiar example.

The second Order—Jugulares—have the ventral fins placed more forward than the pectoral fins,—which are those immediately behind the gills,—and as it were, under the jugulum or throat. The cod is an example of this order.

The third Order—Thoracici—have the ventral fins placed under the pectoral, on what may be considered the thorax or breast; as in the perch.

The fourth Order—Abdominales—have the ventral fins placed on the abdomen or lower part of the belly, a little before the vent, as in the salmon.

Orders are sub-divided into Genera, which are determined by certain general marks of resemblance in which a number of species agree. Species is the lowest term in the series, admitting of no further

division, and where the individual animals comprising it agree with the specific definition in every essential point; differing only from the accidents which are the result of age, climate, disease, or food. A familiar illustration of this artificial arrangement—for any general point of resemblance may be assumed as constituting a class, an order, or a genus—will be afforded by considering the term "Infantry" as representing an order of the class "Army." The order, infantry, admits of ready distribution into genera, or regiments; the generic characteristic being assumed from the facings, their clothing being considered as a natural covering. The light and grenadier companies may be regarded as two species; and the individuals of the centre companies will form a third; the specific distinctions of the two former being the green bob, and the broad epaulets, respectively. The finer coats and the sashes of the officers may represent the accidental appearances constituting varieties, which framers of systems and catalogue-makers of natural history are so much puzzled to account for. In this illustration, it is to be observed, that "homo," the genus summum of the class, is to be considered of the common gender, as defined by all grammarians from Priscian to Dr. Busby.

It will be perceived from the following list, that the genera which afford most sport to the angler are the Salmo and the Cyprinus; the number of Species comprehended under the former Genus being twelve, and under the latter eleven.

Order I.—Apodes. No ventral fins.

Genus Muraena.

Muraena Anguilla.—The Eel. Three species found in England.

Order II.—Jugulares. Ventral fins before the pectoral.

Genus Gadus.

Gadus Lota. Burbot or Eel-pout.

Order III.—Thoracici. Ventral fins under the pectoral.

Genus Cottus.

Cottus Gobio. Bull-head, or Miller's thumb.

Genus Perca.

Perca Fluviatilis. Perch.

. . . Cernua. Ruff or Pope.

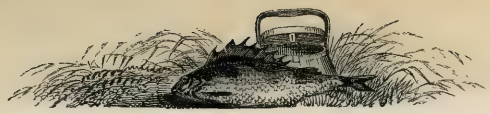
Genus Gasterosteus.

Gasterosteus Aculeatus. Stickleback. Three species.

Order IV.—Abdominales. Ventral fins on the abdomen, behind the pectoral.

Genus Salmo.

Salmo Salar The Salmon. The fry, or young salmon, are called smouts; and, on their return from the sea to fresh water,—when they mostly weigh from three to six pounds,—they are termed grilse or gilse.



Salmo Eriox. The grey. A species of salmon caught in some of the rivers in the north of Scotland. It is seldom seen in England. Some writers consider it the same as the Sewin caught in the Welsh rivers.

. . . Hucho. Bull trout.

. . . Trutta. Sea-trout. It is probable that this is identical with the hucho.

. . . Albus. Whitling, herling, or phinoc. Supposed by some to be a young salmon.

. . . Fario. Common burn, or fresh-water trout

. . . Salmulus. Brandling, par, or samlet.

. . . Salvelinus. Torgoch or red char.

. . . Alpinus. Case char.

. . . Thymallus. Grayling.

. . . Lavaretus. Guinaid or Schelley.

. . . Eperlanus. Smelt

Genus Esox.

Esox Lucius. Pike.

Genus Cyprinus.

Cyprinus Barbus. Barbel.

. . . . Carpio. Carp.

. . . . Gobio. Gudgeon.

. . . . Tinca. Tench.

. . . . Cephalus, or Jeses. Chub.

. . . . Phoxinus. Minnow.

. . . . Leuciscus. Dace.

. . . . Rutilus. Roach.

. . . . Orfus. Rud. Supposed to be only a variety of the roach.

Cyprinus Alburnus. Bleak

. . . . Brama. Bream

Genus Cobitis.

Cobitis Barbatula. Loach.

Of the above species, some, such as the char, are seldom taken with the rod and line. The burbot is mostly caught by setting night lines; and such "small gear" as the loach, minnow, and stickleback, are only taken by the angler for bait or by boys for amusement. The miller's thumb is seldom or never expressly angled for; but is occasionally caught when angling for other fish.

As angling is in its very essence an art of deceiving, and as the fish which are most deserving of the angler's attention are extremely shy, whoever wishes to catch them must keep himself as much out of their sight as he can. He who treats the fish to a view of the whole process of fitting the rod, screwing or tying on the reel, putting on his flies, or baiting his hooks as he sits upon a bank which overlooks the stream, ought to commence his operations at least half a mile farther off. An angler showing himself on the banks of a trout-stream, when the water is clear, operates as a general warning for every fish to take care of himself. An immediate spread takes place, similar to that of the group of authors on the appearance of a bailiff—as the scene is somewhere so graphically sketched by Dr. Johnson—each suspect-

ing himself to be the party "wanted." A novice, who has heard or read that the perfection of the angler's art is "to fish fine and far off," is often fond of making his first essays with a long line, even in a stream which he might command with a line the length of his rod. As might be expected, he entangles his line in some part of his dress, — about his hat, the buttons at the back of his coat, or at its cuffs; and if there be a bush or tree within reach he is sure to catch it. When he does succeed in making a long cast it is without his tail fly or stretcher, which he is certain to crack off in making his return stroke, which he fetches, with might and main, at the water, weilding his rod like a forge-hammer. Though it be true that to fish fine and far off is the test of an angler's skill in the management of his rod, yet no proficient in the art will use a long line when a short one will serve his purpose. If the object be to catch trout, the way to succeed is not by throwing a long line, however lightly, five or six yards beyond where they lie. Though wading be sometimes necessary, — either when the line cannot be thrown clear, on account of trees and bushes on the banks of a stream, or when that part of the water where the fish lie cannot be otherwise reached — yet no person of sense will wet his feet when he may follow his sport dry-shod. Water-proof boots are generally recommended to "waders," and they who like them may use them. In our opinion, the angler can wade in nothing better than shoes and

stockings, always carrying with him in his creel, when he expects that he will have to take the water, a pair of felt soles, and a pair of lambs-wool stockings or socks. Thin plaid trowsers are much better to wade in than thick milled kerseymeres, which after they are wet, become as stiff as a board. Gentlemen to whom the dampness of their nether garments is peculiarly annoying, should put them off when they wade, taking care to secure their purse in the coat or waistcoat pocket, lest some dishonest person should steal their trowsers, and thus place them in a most awkward predicament.

SALMON.

The salmon, above all other fish, both from its value and the sport afforded in its capture, is the most worthy of the angler's attention; and to hook and kill a fine fresh-run lively fish of this species, weighing from seven to seventeen pounds, requires the exertion of all his patience and skill. Owing to the scarcity of this fish in the south of England, angling for salmon, either with fly, worm, or minnow, is seldom practised south of the Tees. In the northern counties, where they are more plentiful the Tyne, in Northumberland, and the Eden and the Derwent, in Cumberland, are the rivers which afford the best chance of success to the salmon fisher. A good many salmon are caught with the rod in the Tweed,

during the season, between Berwick and Peebles; but he who wishes to enjoy the sport in its greatest perfection must go farther a-field, and locate himself for a month beyond the Tay, or in the wilds of Cunnemara. With respect to salmon-fishing in Wales, two recent authors, who both profess to speak from experience, disagree; the one telling the angler that he must expect no good salmon-fishing in the Principality, while the other represents it as excellent in more streams than any angler—who commences salmon-fishing when he comes of age, and hangs up his rod when about seventy, devoting three months in each year to the sport, and fishing each stream thoroughly—can hope to get through in his life-time.

"'Tis really painful here to see
Experienced doctors disagree."

Fresh run salmon, that is, clean fish from the sea, begin, in small numbers, to enter most rivers in the north of England and in the south of Scotland, about January, if the season be mild; their numbers increasing during the spring months. In severe winters, and when the streams are full from the melting of the snow, their appearance is proportionately delayed, as the salmon has an aversion to snow broth. In some rivers their appearance is from a month to six weeks later than in others; and there are streams which they never enter till April, though they ascend others which discharge themselves into the same estuary in January.

The advance-guard of the main body of salmon begin to ascend above the tide-way about March in early rivers, and enter the fresh water; and during this and the three succeeding months of April, May, and June, is the best time for angling for salmon within ten or twelve miles of the highest point of the river to which the tide flows. About July, they begin to push up towards the higher parts of the river, and now enter its smaller subsidiary streams, gradually ascending towards their sources, during the months of August, September, and October, as floods afford them opportunity of passing the falls, wiers, and shallows Should the weather be frosty, the early fish commonly begin spawning in November, though the greater number spawn in December and January. Grilse, the young of the salmon,—which descend as smouts or salmon-fry from the spawning ground to the sea in April and May,—return to the rivers about the middle of June; and again descend to the sea in September. Grilse, which on their first appearance weigh from two to four pounds, and increase during their abode in fresh water to six or seven, take a smaller kind of salmon-fly, dressed on a hook, No. 4, 5, or 6, according to the state of the water. They may also be angled for with lob-worms, a minnow, or a par's tail

Salmon in ascending a river, mostly keep in the middle of the stream avoiding the shore, and seldom making any stay in pools or weils which are

much shaded, either with steep rocky banks or trees. They are most likely to be found a little below weirs and falls, and towards the head of large pools. As salmon never, or at least very rarely, rise at the fly when the water is clear and unruffled, the angler need not be apprehensive of disturbing them by wading; for when the water is in such a state as to afford him the greatest chance of success, they will not be very likely to notice him at the distance of twenty yards. When the angler knows that salmon are in a pool, he must not be content with making two or three casts, as directed by mere book-makers, who probably may never have seen a salmon caught, but fish the pool diligently again and again, making his casts frequent; and, should he not succeed with one fly, try another of a different shade.

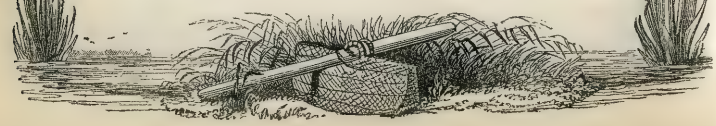
In dull weather, when uniformly dark hazy clouds are impending, and the barometer points steadily to rain, both salmon and trout generally decline taking any kind of bait or flies, whatever may be the state of the water. On such days, the angler may save himself the trouble of going to the water-side, — except for the sake of exercise, — as he may much more profitably employ himself at his inn, if he be merely a temporary sojourner, in dressing a few flies, looking over his tackle or his linen, or writing to his male and female friends, cramming the former with accounts of the loads of salmon and trout which he has caught—in his dreams; and

soothing the ladies—maids, wives, and widows, who are disconsolately singing, from morning to night, "O, for him back again,"—with a touch of the sentimental, either in verse or prose, accordingly as he may be "i' the vein."

With a twenty-feet salmon rod—a twig which requires two hands, and cannot be flourished about as a gentleman switches his cane—an expert angler will find no difficulty in casting twenty-five yards of line, if the banks of the river be clear of wood; and if the wind be direct in his favor, he will be able to cast five yards more. It is generally the safest way to strike as soon as the salmon descends after having seized the fly; for when he has once taken it in his mouth and made a downward plunge there is nothing to be gained by giving him time, which only affords him an opportunity of blowing it out again should he not have hooked himself. In the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," article "Angling,"—which must have been written by a downright ignoramus, wholly unacquainted with the art of which he pretends to treat, and, from the shameful literary errors which have been permitted to pass uncorrected, revised by a careless editor—is the following direction: "When you imagine that the salmon has been struck, be cautious in giving him time sufficient to enable him to pouch his bait, that is, swallow it fairly or securely; after this, fix the hook in him by a gentle twitch." A passage betraying greater ignorance of the art of angling was

never penned. The doer must have read, that pike, when trolled for with the dead gorge, are to be allowed time to pouch the bait; and he sagely directs, that after the salmon has been "struck," he is to be allowed time to take the hook out of his jaw, then swallow it fairly and securely—no mumbling it like an old crust allowed;—and when the hook is thus comfortably lodged in his stomach, and the process of digestion is commenced, it is to be fixed, for the second and last time, by a "gentle twitch."

The steadiness and self-possession required to manage a salmon after he is hooked; the peculiar tact with which the angler now yields to the rush of the fish, now holds hard when he appears to be growing weak, are only to be acquired by practice, as they can no more be taught by mere precept than the art of dancing on the tight rope. To tell a novice to be steady when he has hooked a salmon for the first time—now to give him line, now to hold him in—is like telling a young ensign, who has never smelt powder but on field-days, to be cool and collected in his first battle; or a cockney not to be frightened when first a covey of partridges starts up before him, within ten yards of his nose. Favour us, gentle reader, with your patience for five minutes, while we attempt to give a sketch of salmon-fishing, which will embody all the practical information on the subject of catching a salmon which we can convey; and to secure your attention the better, you shall be the hero of the tale.



You are staying at an inn, or at a friend's house, on the banks of some river — say the Tweed, the Tyne, the Spey, or the Costello — for the sake of salmon-fishing. There has been a soaking rain of eight hours' duration on the Tuesday, which has brought the salmon up, and at six o'clock on Thursday morning — with a pleasant breeze from the south-west; as much blue in the sky as will make trowsers for every man in the Royal Navy; and a cloud occasionally shading the sun's face — your fly is making his first circuit across the berry-brown water of a pool in which you know there are at least twenty salmon. For upwards of an hour you flog that half mile of water till your arms ache, but without success, the fish not yet being disposed to take breakfast. As an excuse for resting yourself, you sit down for twenty minutes, and change your fly, putting on our No. 1, hare's lug and bittern's wing. You return to the water again, and ere the new fly has gone the circuit thrice, he is served with a special retainer, in the shape of a salmon, which, judging from his pull, you estimate at thirty pounds, the largest and strongest, as you verily believe, that you ever hooked. With that headlong plunge, as if he meant to bury his head in the gravelly bottom, he has hooked himself. Your hook, which will hold thirty pounds dead weight, is buried in his jaws to the bend, and now that he feels the barb, he shoots up the stream with the swiftness of an arrow, and fifty yards of

your line are run off before you dare venture to check him. Now his speed is somewhat diminished, hold on a little, and, as the river side is clear of trees, follow up after him, for it is bad policy to let out line to an unmanageable length, when you can follow your fish. There are some awkward rocks towards the head of the pool which may cut your line; turn him, therefore, as soon as you can. Now is the time to show your tact, in putting your tackle to the test without having it snapt by a sudden spring. Hold gently—ease off a little—now hold again—how beautifully the rod bends, true from top to butt in one uniform curve!—He has a mouth, though bitted for the first time. Bravo! his nose is down the water! Lead him along.—Gently, he grows restive, and is about again. Though his course is still up the stream, he seems inclined to tack. Now he shoots from bank to bank, like a Berwick smack turning up Sea Reach in a gale of wind. Watch him well in stays, lest he shoot suddenly a-head, and carry all away. He is nearing the rocks—give him the butt and turn him again. He comes round—he cannot bear that steady pull—what excellent tackle; lead him downwards; he follows reluctantly, but he is beginning to fag. Keep winding up your line as you lead him along. He is inclined to take a rest at the bottom, but, as you hope to land him, do not grant him a moment. Throw in a large stone at him, but have both your eyes open—one on your rod and the other on the place where

the fish lies—lest he make a rush when you are stooping for a stone, and break loose. Great, at this moment, is the advantage of the angler who has a "cast" in his eye! That stone has startled the fish—no rest for salmo—and now he darts to the surface. "Up wi taily," what a leap! it is well you humoured him by dipping the top of your rod, or he would have gone free. Again, and again! These are the last efforts of despair, and they have exhausted him. He is seized with stupor, like a stout gentleman who has suddenly exerted himself after dinner, or a boxer who has just received a swinging blow on the jugular. Draw him towards the shore, he can scarcely move a fin. Quick, the gaff is in his gills, and now you have him out; and, as he lies stretched on the pebbles, with his silver sides glancing in the sun, you think you never caught a handsomer fish in your life, though you perceive that you have been wrong in your estimate of his weight—thirty pounds—for it is evident that he does not weigh more than thirteen. It was exactly half-past seven when you hooked him, and when you look at your watch after landing him, you perceive that it wants a quarter to nine, so that he has kept you in exercise exactly an hour and a quarter.

"Along the silver streams of Tweed
'Tis blythe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;

The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land."

In angling for salmon with a minnow—a small trout or brandling may be used for the same purpose—it is necessary to use a long-shanked hook, which is to be passed in at the mouth and brought out between the vent and the tail; and, to prevent the bait slipping down this hook, a small hook, whipped on a piece of fine gut about three inches long, is to be attached to the link and passed through the minnow's lips. To facilitate the spinning of the minnow, it is usual to employ two swivels, one at the junction of your first and second length of gut, and the other at the junction of the second and third; with a shot, greater or smaller according to the strength of the current, placed on the gut, immediately above each swivel, to keep the minnow down in the water. In spinning a minnow, the foot-length, of gut, is generally about three yards long. Some anglers use a conical piece of lead, with a hole at the apex, for the gut to pass through, which they slide down over the minnow's nose; but this method has not any advantage over the simpler one of placing shot above the swivels. The manner of using this bait is to cast it across the stream, and, as you draw it towards you, to keep it playing by a slight motion of the rod.

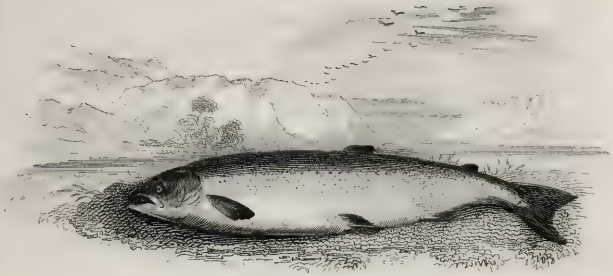
In fishing for salmon with lob-worms, two or three, according to their size, ought to be placed upon the hook, which ought to be cast up the stream and worked gently down with the current, according to the strength of which the line is to be shotted. When spinning a minnow, or fishing with the worm for salmon, it is customary to use a stiffer top-piece than in fishing fly. When a salmon is hooked by either of the former methods, he is to be managed in the same manner as in fly-fishing. There is no rod or tackle, that we have ever seen, which will enable an angler to throw a salmon of twenty pounds weight, over his head, as he would whisk out a trout when shade-fishing. The best time of the day for salmon-fishing is from six in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, and from four in the afternoon till dusk; but when the water and weather are favorable, they may be angled for at any hour between sun-rise and sun-set. The angler who in one day has the skill and good fortune to land four salmon, each upwards of seven pounds, though he may have toiled for them from dawn till evening, has no just cause to grumble, and to represent the water as not worth fishing. An amateur angler, who has thrice in the course of ten years taken eight salmon in one day, is entitled to give a minute detail of each day's proceedings, and catch his salmon over again, in all companies, social, philosophical, or literary. Before taking leave of the salmon, we beg to correct an error of the press

in the second series of Mr. Jesse's interesting "Gleanings," of which, compared with the "harvesting" of some others, it may be said that "the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer." It is there stated, page 305, that "the ovarium of a salmon will produce 20,000,000 ova." This requires correction, by cutting off the three last ciphers, and making the number 20,000 instead of 20,000,000. Twenty millions of the ova of a salmon ready to spawn would weigh about four hundred pounds. The number of ova in salmon is, according to the size of the fish, from fifteen to twenty-five thousand.

In the annexed engraving, an angler is represented — evidently from Cockneyshire, as may be suspected from his neck bare, a la Byron, white drills and pumps, and his basket slung over the wrong shoulder — making, with a gudgeon-rod, his first essay in fly-fishing, bending forward in elegant attitude, as if he were angling in the Lea, and a lady on the opposite side admiring him. The scene is in Wales, and the spot where he has thrown his fly seems a likely one for both salmon and trout, and worthy of being fished by a greater proficient.

THE GREY.

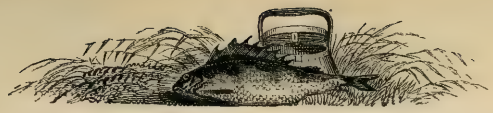
The Salmo Eriox, or Grey, which enters some of the rivers in the north of Scotland, about August, is little known in the rivers south of the Forth,



though occasionally a solitary one is caught in the Tweed. Martin, in his "History of the Western Islands of Scotland," 2d edition, 1716, thus speaks of it. "The grey lord, alias black-mouth, a fish of the size and shape of a salmon, takes the limpet for a bait. There is another way of angling for this fish, by fastening a short white down of a goose behind the hook; and the boat being continually rowed, the fish run greedily after the down and are easily caught."

BULL-TROUT, SEA-TROUT, AND WHITLING.

The bull-trout, sea-trout, and whitling—the two former being probably of the same species—begin to run up the rivers about May, and return to the sea in September. They will all take both fly and worm, and are to be angled for in the same manner as for the salmon, and with similar flies dressed on smaller hooks. The whitling is most abundant in the rivers which discharge themselves into Solway Frith; and many are caught every season in the Tweed and most of its tributary streams. In the northern counties of Scotland, they are called finnocks, and are not so large as those caught in the streams or on the border, where they are frequently caught sixteen inches long, and weighing two pounds; in Aberdeen and Perthshire they seldom exceed a foot.



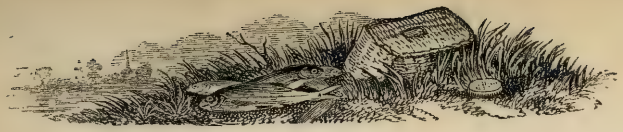
In lake-fishing for large trout, such as Salmo ferox, of Loch Awe, with a small trout for bait, snap hooks whipped on strong gimp, are to be preferred. An excellent snap, of four hooks, is made thus:—To the end of your gimp whip a stout No. 4 hook; and a little higher up, on the same gimp, another hook a size or two smaller, so that the two may stand back to back, and the bend of the upper one a quarter of an inch above the shank of the lower. On another piece of gimp, whip two more hooks in a similar manner: and an inch above the shank of the upper hook make a small loop on the end of the gimp. To bait the hook, put the end of the longest gimp into the gills of the small trout, and bring the end out at its mouth; do the same with the shorter piece at the other gill, and pass the end of the longer gimp through the loop of the shorter, which loop is to be drawn into the fish's mouth. Slip a small leaden bead down the length of gimp into the mouth, and sew it up. Stick the lower hooks slightly into the skin of the fish that they may lie fair, and the bait is ready. If it be thought necessary, in large bait, six or eight hooks may be used in the same way, having the lowest reaching nearly to the tail. The artificial bait, called a devil, formed of silk and silver twist, and having a tin tail, slightly curved, to make it spin better, and armed with a bristling array of hooks, is sometimes used, in the same manner as a spinning bait in fishing for large trout. Two or three, of different

colours, should always form part of the contents of the angler's pocket-book, as they are ready for use at times when a minnow cannot be had.

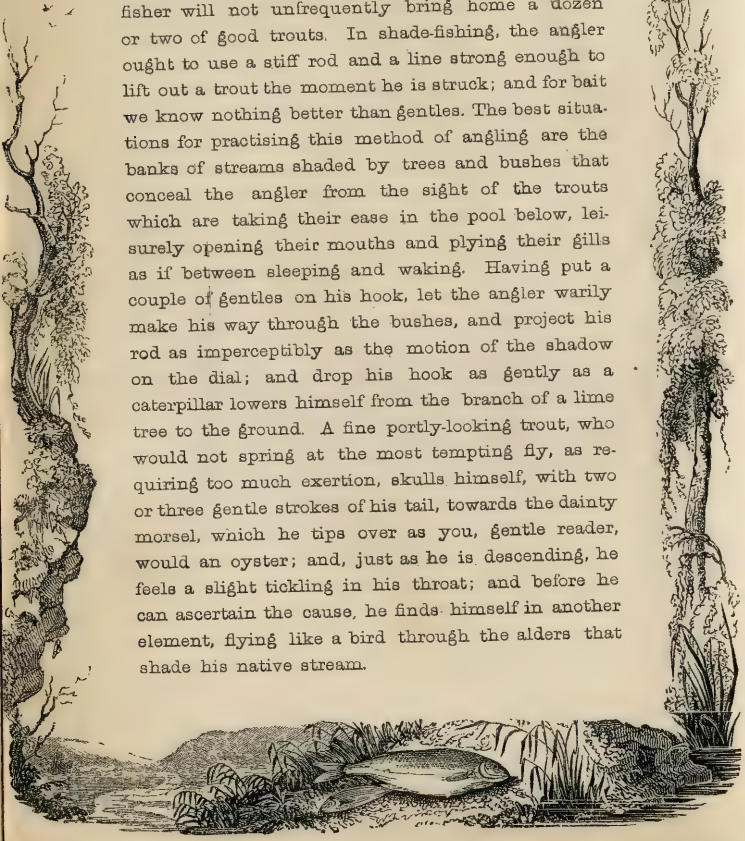
COMMON, OR BURN TROUT.

The common, or burn trout continues in the fresh water all the year, without visiting the sea, and may be angled for with either fly or worm, from March till November; but the best time is from April to July; though after a heavy rain towards the end of the latter month, if the water has been for two or three weeks low, in consequence of drought, the angler will sometimes take more in a single day than in any day of the months preceding; but on the whole, angling is not so good, and from this month trout are less frequently caught, and in smaller numbers. Trout do not generally appear inclined to feed about mid-day; and the most likely time to catch them is before nine in the morning and after four in the afternoon. What has been previously said respecting the most favourable state of the weather and water for salmon-fishing will also apply to trout-fishing, with this addition, that trout may be angled for when the water is becoming discoloured as well as when it is clearing after rain; which is not generally the case with the salmon, as it is the flood which brings the new fish up.

An angler who wishes to obtain a dish of trouts will not wait till they are inclined to take the artificial fly, provided he can fairly hook them by avail-



ing himself of other means. In days when the water is clear and smooth—not a breeze stirring to curl its surface—and when there is not the slightest chance of success with the artificial fly, the shade-fisher will not unfrequently bring home a dozen or two of good trouts. In shade-fishing, the angler ought to use a stiff rod and a line strong enough to lift out a trout the moment he is struck; and for bait we know nothing better than gentles. The best situations for practising this method of angling are the banks of streams shaded by trees and bushes that conceal the angler from the sight of the trouts which are taking their ease in the pool below, leisurely opening their mouths and plying their gills as if between sleeping and waking. Having put a couple of gentles on his hook, let the angler warily make his way through the bushes, and project his rod as imperceptibly as the motion of the shadow on the dial; and drop his hook as gently as a caterpillar lowers himself from the branch of a lime tree to the ground. A fine portly-looking trout, who would not spring at the most tempting fly, as requiring too much exertion, skulls himself, with two or three gentle strokes of his tail, towards the dainty morsel, which he tips over as you, gentle reader, would an oyster; and, just as he is descending, he feels a slight tickling in his throat; and before he can ascertain the cause, he finds himself in another element, flying like a bird through the alders that shade his native stream.



TROUT

In clear water it is sometimes advantageous, when there is a light breeze, to use two natural flies, with a fine line, putting a small hook through them, under the wings, so that they may lie with their heads in opposite directions, and allowing them to be lightly blown across the stream, or carried down with the current. When using the blowing line it is necessary to employ a reel. Worms, either lob or brandling, are an excellent bait for trout when the water is rather discoloured; and even when it is clear trout will frequently take the worm in streamy parts of a river or a burn, when they will not take the fly. When worms are used, the bait is to be thrown up the stream and worked gradually downwards to the extent of the angler's line.

In swift-running streams, the fresh-water or burn trout seldom attains to the weight of five pounds; and, in such streams, in the North of England and in Scotland, by far the greater number of trouts caught weigh less than half a pound each. In the Thames, between Teddington and Windsor, very large fresh-water trouts are sometimes caught. Within the last twelve months three have been caught, two with the net, and one with the rod and fly, each of which weighed upwards of twelve pounds. The annexed beautiful engraving of a large trout, from a painting by A. Cooper, R.A. is a "portrait" of a well-fed five-pounder, which was caught by the artist himself, in the Wandle, in May, 1834.

BRANDLING-TROUT, PAR, or SAMLET.

The brandling trout, par, samlet, fingerling, rack-rider, sampson, shedder, and last-spring, are the various names by which this little fish, that has so much puzzled ichthyologists to discover his parentage, is known in different parts of the kingdom. One writer is disposed to believe that brandlings are the young of the sea-trout; another believes them to be the produce of a trout and a salmon; a third says that they are the young of such salmon as have been prevented from returning to the sea; a fourth, that they are all milters or males, consequently a cross between two different species; and a fifth, having discovered the fact that they are of both sexes, concludes that they are a distinct species; and as such we will consider them until the observations of experienced ichthyologists shall have decided their true pedigree. The name brandling, or fingerling, is derived from nine or ten marks, of a dusky bluish colour, like the impression of fingers, upon its sides. They are supposed to visit the sea, as they generally make their appearance in rivers about April, and disappear in November. On their first appearance they are between five and six inches long; and very few nine inches long are taken at any time, the average being about seven. Brandlings are sometimes caught in January and February, returning to the sea, weak and emaciated, after spawning.

The brandling is a bold little fish, and will rise at a fly large enough for a grilse. They may be angled for with any small flies, and they bite greedily at a half-hackle, with a maggot on the point of a hook, which ought to be allowed to sink a little below the surface of the water. A brandling-worm is also a tempting bait for them at all times when they are disposed to feed. Brandlings are numerous in the rivers that discharge themselves into the Solway Frith; and in the Eden, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, great numbers are caught every season. Marks similar to those on the brandling-trout may be perceived on the sides of the salmon-fry, when the scales are rubbed off. The par-tail, which is the lower half of a brandling-trout, used in the same manner as in spinning a minnow, is a most excellent bait for pike and large trout; and one more killing the angler cannot use.

CHAR.

Char, which are taken in the lakes of Windermere, Conistone, and Buttermere, in England, and also in some of the lakes of Scotland and Wales, will sometimes take the fly, and are also angled for with worms, gentles, and cad-bait. They are so seldom taken with the rod, that it is scarcely worth the angler's while trying for them. The best place for angling for case Char, is in the Brathay, at the head of Windermere, which they enter in September, for the purpose of spawning.

GRAYLING.

The grayling, which is not a common species, is mostly caught in the western counties of England. It is also caught in the Dove, in Derbyshire, and in several of the tributaries of the Trent; in the Derwent, the Wharfe, the Rye, the Ure, and the Wiske, in Yorkshire. It is not found in Ireland, nor in Scotland; and, though the Rev. Mr. Lowe represents it as being frequently caught in the Orkneys, in salt water, we are much disposed to think that he means some other fish, known there by the same name. The grayling will take any of the flies usually employed in angling for trout, as well as cad-bait, gentles, and worms. Though Walton says that he will bite at a minnow, we never knew one taken with such a bait. The grayling spawns in May, and is in greatest perfection from September to Christmas.

GUINIAD OR SCHELLEY.

This species, mostly caught in lakes, is called, in Wales, the guiniad, and, in Cumberland, the schelley. It is probably the powan of the Scottish, and the pollan of the Irish lakes. They seldom exceed a foot in length, and, in the appearance of the mouth, they resemble the herring. They swim in shoals; and, in Ullswater, where great quantities are caught with the net, and afterwards potted, and sold as char, upwards of a thousand are sometimes taken at a single haul. Sometimes a few descend into the river

Eamont, at the foot of Ullswater, where, as well as in the lake, they are angled for with the artificial fly, the same as for small trout.

SMELTS.

Smelts are caught in most rivers frequented by salmon, and their common length is about seven inches. They enter rivers from the sea, about the beginning of winter, and are said to spawn in March. They are mostly angled for, from March to August, and usually with a paternoster line, so called from the number of hooks, usually eight or ten, placed on the line, at a regular distance from each other, like the paternoster beads on the rosary, or "prayer-tally," of Roman Catholics. The hooks, No. 9, to stand better from the line, ought to be whipped to a fine bristle, five or six inches long. Smelts will take shrimps, their natural food, at the mouths of rivers; brandling worms; or gentles; but a preferable bait is a piece of one of their own species.

PIKE.

Next to the salmon and the trout, the pike affords the angler the greatest sport, in all the various modes of angling for him; the principal of which may be comprised under, 1. Trolling, in its most restricted sense, of fishing with the dead bait, and double gorge hook. 2. Live-bait fishing

when a float is used on the line. 3. Snap fishing, with either a live or dead bait. In trolling, a rod about fourteen feet long is commonly used, with a stouter top piece than is employed in fly-fishing, and provided with wider and stronger rings for the line to run through. A reel is necessary, and the line, which ought to be a strong one, of silk, or silk and hair, should not be less than forty yards. The bait may be almost any small fish; dace, roach, trout, par, gudgeon, or bleak. The hook used is a double one, of the kind commonly called eel hooks, the points of which stand more outwards than in others; the shank is fastened to a short piece, about two or three inches, of twisted brass wire, which is covered with lead from within an inch of the eye at its top, to half-way down the shank of the hook. To the eye in the brass wire about nine inches of strong gimp is made fast, and attached by a loop to the line. To bait this hook it is necessary to use a baiting needle, which is a kind of long bodkin, sharpened at the point, the other end being turned into a small hook, instead of having an eye. Hooking the baiting needle to the loop of the gimp, pass it through the body of the perch, dace, roach, or gudgeon, intended for the bait, entering it at the mouth, and bringing it out at the fork of the tail. Draw the gimp through till the hooks lie on each side of the mouth of the bait. To prevent the bait slipping down the hook, when trolling, tie the tail with a piece of white silk or thread,

to the gimp. Loop now the gimp to the line, and commence trolling as soon as you please. Some anglers recommend that the mouth of the bait should be sewed up, though for what purpose we never yet could clearly make out. Let the angler make it a general rule never to adopt fanciful contrivances when he can make more simple tackle do, nor to attend to fiddle-faddle directions, which only give additional trouble, without answering any useful purpose. He is the best angler who can catch the most fish with the simplest contrivances; and he is an ass who goes out loaded with complicated tackle to catch fish which are not worth dressing, and which any school-boy can take with an untrimmed hazel-rod, a halfpenny-worth of twine for a line, a farthing hook, and, for a float, an old cork—which has done service for an age in repressing the sallies of his grandmother's or maiden aunt's small beer. To return to our trolling.—When all is ready, the bait is to be cast into the water, near to where pike are likely to lie, the angler, as he draws it towards him, now letting it sink, and now raising it towards the surface. As the pike, in seizing the bait, does not immediately swallow it, but makes off to some distance to pouch it, the angler must give him line freely. After the pike has had what the angler considers sufficient time—in giving which he must frequently be guided by the motions of his prey—let him strike, and, if he hooks the fish, let him manage and land him in the best manner he can.

When a fish runs off with the bait and continues quiet for eight or ten minutes, then let the angler strike; he will not be likely to gain any advantage by giving more time; and "master jack," that he may "swallow the bait safely and securely," as a learned Theban says of the salmon, ought not to be allowed less. In trolling, baits of different sizes may be used, from a small gudgeon to a roach eight or nine inches long A large bait is most tempting to large fish, but a small one affords the best chance of hooking them.

In fishing for pike with live bait, roach and gudgeon are generally preferred, the former as being the most lively upon the hook and most durable, and the latter as most tempting from September to Christmas. Where roach or gudgeon cannot be obtained, any of the fish mentioned as bait in trolling may be employed. In live-bait fishing, it is advisable to use a longer rod than in trolling, in order that the angler, when necessary, may drop or swing the bait to a considerable distance into the water, since to cast it as in trolling would be very likely to render the term "live bait" a misnomer. The hooks, whether single, No. 4, or double, No. 5, are to be whipped on gimp; the line is to be shotted, to keep the bait down, and a float is to be used, large enough to suspend the fish. The single hook is used in two ways; either by passing it through the lips of the fish at the side of the mouth, or by passing it through the back immediately under the fore part of the

back fin, taking care that it does not enter too deep and so kill the fish. The double hook, which may be obtained forged on one shank, at the tackle-maker's, or formed by tying two single hooks back to back, requires to be fixed by a baiting-needle. Hooking the needle through the loop of the gimp, pass it under the skin, a little behind the gills and above the pectoral fin; and bring it out at the posterior extremity of the back fin; draw the gimp through till the shank of the hooks is entered and the points lie flat, on what is called the shoulder of the fish. Though this is not so simple a mode of using the live-bait as either of the former, and though the bait sooner dies, some anglers consider that it affords a greater chance of hooking pike, which always swallow the bait with the head foremost. In fishing with the live bait in any of the above modes, the pike is to be allowed time to pouch the bait, as in trolling with the dead gorge.

In snap-fishing, whether using a live or dead bait, the angler strikes directly he feels the fish pull; and it is this, with the number of hooks used to render it effective, which constitutes the difference between snap-fishing and the other two modes, trolling and live-bait fishing, previously described. A most effective snap is that with four hooks, described at p. 160, in treating of lake-fishing for large trout. A double snap hook, to be used with a live bait, may be made as follows. Whip to a foot of gimp

two hooks, No. 4, each of which has been previously tied to a piece of twisted wire, about an inch and a quarter long, back to back, and between them a small one, No. 7 or 8. In baiting this snap, the small hook is to be passed through the back of the fish under the fin, and the larger hooks allowed to hang down on each side. A dead snap may be formed by whipping two hooks, No. 4 or 5, or larger if thought necessary, to a length of gimp, so that the points may stand distant from each other about a quarter of a circle. Pass a baiting needle in at the vent of the bait and out at the mouth, and draw the gimp through till the hooks lie close to the body; slip a leaden bead down the gimp and into the mouth of the fish, to make it sink, sew the mouth up, and the bait is ready. There are several other modes of forming snap-hooks, but the three which we have noticed will generally be found as efficient as any other. In using the dead-snap, the bait is to be cast into the water and kept moving in a manner similar to trolling. Spinning a bleak or a minnow, the same as for trout, is a good method of angling for pike. Snap-fishing with the dead-bait is mostly practised in spring, and trolling from September to Christmas, when the rivers are clear of weeds: the live-bait is killing at all times, and may be practised with success on either mere or river. Pike will take a young frog with the hook passed through the skin of his back, or through his jaws, the same as in the live-bait.

A variety of artificial baits for pike are sold at the shops of fishing-tackle makers, such as mice, minnows, and frogs; and pike are not unfrequently caught with a large gaudy composition of feathers about the size of a wren, with glass beads for eyes, and a formidable double hook for a tail.

It may not be improper here to notice the mode of catching pike by means of a trimmer, which is generally a circular piece of flat cork from five to eight inches in diameter, with a groove in the edge, in which is wound from twelve to twenty yards of strong line. In the centre of the cork a piece of wood is fixed, with a notch in the top for the bight of the line to be slipped in when the trimmer is baited, and which admits of the line being easily pulled out when a fish seizes the bait. The hook used may be either single or double, as in live-bait fishing, and the bait allowed to swim at what depth the angler pleases — generally about mid-water where the depth does not exceed four fathoms — by fixing a small bullet to the line. Trimmer fishing is mostly practised on lakes and meres, and in rivers where the water is still. Pike are caught in every part of Great Britain, and are most numerous in the fen-land of Norfolk, Cambridge, Lincoln, Huntingdon. Whittlesea mere, in the latter county, affords the best pike-fishing in the kingdom. Pike, until they are twenty-two inches long, are, in the south of England, commonly called jack. In some parts of Scotland the pike is called the ged: the old

English name was the luce, and it occurs in old writings two centuries before the reformation, when

"Turkies, hops, carp, pickarel, and beer,"

are said to have been first brought into England. It is surprising that the lying old distich from which the above line is quoted should have deceived some modern writers, who ought to have known better, as to the time of pike and carp being first introduced into this country. They are both probably indigenous. The carp is expressly mentioned in the book of St. Alban's, printed upwards of twenty years, before they "were first introduced," as is erroneously stated, "by Mr. Leonard Mascal, a Sussex gentleman." Pike grow to a large size, some having been caught in this country weighing upwards of forty pounds.

The pike, of which an admirable engraving is here inserted, was caught by our friend Mr. Wm. Simpson, with a live-bait, a dace, and single hook, in the Thames, near Marlow, on 22d October last. He was 3 ft. 4 in. long, and weighed 20 lbs. Though he was strong and struggled hard, yet our friend had him ashore within twenty minutes of his seizing the bait.

PERCH.

In bottom-fishing for perch there is scarcely a better bait than a brandling, or a well-scoured lobworm, though the former is to be preferred. Two

PIKE

or three hooks may be used, as they bite freely, and are frequently pulled out in pairs. Large perch are caught with a small dace, gudgeon, or minnow, used as the live-bait for pike, with the single hook passed through the back or the lips. When bottom-fishing, have tackle strong enough to enable you to pull them out at once, without giving them line. Perch are commonly met with in shoals, and when they begin to bite, the angler may generally reckon on a large take. They appear to be a stupid fish, for it certainly requires very little skill to catch them. When a school-boy, we recollect catching six dozen, all that were in the pool, one evening between six and eight o'clock, when the water was so clear that we could see them hasten to seize the bait directly it was thrown in, as if contending—like steam-boat passengers,—who should be first ashore. Our rod and line were anything but elegant, the former being of unbarked hazel, and the latter a home-made article of hair, each link twisted by means of a crooked pin fixed in the crown of an old hat, and joined by clumsy knots which would scarcely slip through the eyes of the spectacles which we are now obliged to use when we mend a pen or dress a fly.

Lo here, gentle reader, the portrait of a simple youth, silly Bobby Beaty,—a quondam angling acquaintance of our own—who laboured under anglimania, and who broke the ice on Squire Salkeld's pond to fish for perch at Christmas. The disease,

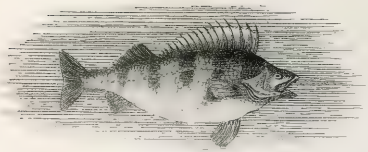
however, considerably abated as he grew older; and Bob is now only known as one of the most simple bacon-factors, and one of the most ardent anglers, in Carlisle, where his passion for fishing has obtained for him the name of "the Cormorant."

POPE, OR RUFF.

This fish is not unlike a young perch, but from which species it is readily distinguished by not having the bars on the sides, and by the largeness and prominence of the eye. They are not unfrequently caught in the Thames when angling for gudgeons or roach. They are numerous in the Wensum and the Yare, in Norfolk, where they are angled for with gentles, a brandling, or a small red worm. The ruff seldom exceeds seven inches in length, and the greater number caught are between five and six.

BARBEL.

The barbel, though his flesh is little esteemed, being by some persons considered unwholesome, yet affords, perhaps, more sport to the angler than any other fish of the genus to which he belongs. Barbel are numerous in the Thames, where they are caught from May to October, though the height of the season for barbel-fishing is from the middle of July to the middle of September. Barbel are caught in the Trent, but in the rivers north of the Humber they

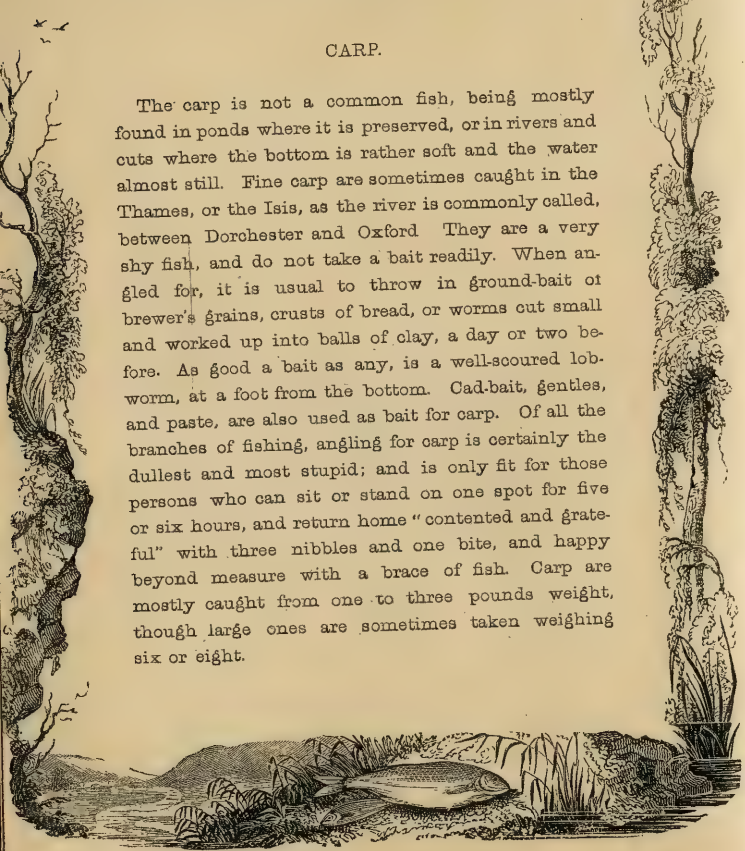


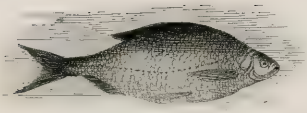
are seldom seen. In fishing for barbel, ground-bait is mostly thrown in to collect the fish; and, to ensure success, it is generally advisable to bait the place where it is intended to angle the night before. The ground-baits chiefly recommended, are soaked greaves, or worms chopped into pieces, worked up into balls with clay and bran. Small pieces of well-soaked greaves are frequently used as bait, as also well-scoured lob-worms, gentles, paste, and pieces of new cheese. In angling for barbel, it is necessary to use strong tackle, as they struggle hard, and are frequently caught weighing upwards of five pounds. Barbel weighing ten pounds are not uncommon, and one is said to have been caught, near Shepperton, weighing twenty-three pounds. Where the angler is likely to catch large fish, it is advisable to use a No. 4 hook, whipped to a link of twisted gut. They are angled for at bottom, either with or without a float. In angling for barbel, either from a punt or the shore, it is necessary to have a reel on the rod, with a line thirty yards long. The best time for catching barbel is from day-break till nine in the morning, and from four in the afternoon till dusk. Towards evening they generally bite more freely than at any other time of the day. Near Shepperton, in August 1807, four gentlemen caught eighty-three barbel, weighing altogether one hundred and nineteen pounds, in five hours. Of this number, the two largest weighed twenty pounds;

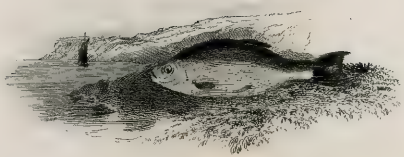
and the two next in size fifteen; the weight of the other seventy-nine being eighty-four pounds, rather less than an average of a pound and a quarter each

CARP.

The carp is not a common fish, being mostly found in ponds where it is preserved, or in rivers and cuts where the bottom is rather soft and the water almost still. Fine carp are sometimes caught in the Thames, or the Isis, as the river is commonly called, between Dorchester and Oxford They are a very shy fish, and do not take a bait readily. When angled for, it is usual to throw in ground-bait of brewer's grains, crusts of bread, or worms cut small and worked up into balls of clay, a day or two before. As good a bait as any, is a well-scoured lobworm, at a foot from the bottom. Cad-bait, gentles, and paste, are also used as bait for carp. Of all the branches of fishing, angling for carp is certainly the dullest and most stupid; and is only fit for those persons who can sit or stand on one spot for five or six hours, and return home "contented and grateful" with three nibbles and one bite, and happy beyond measure with a brace of fish. Carp are mostly caught from one to three pounds weight, though large ones are sometimes taken weighing six or eight.







TENCH.

Tench, like carp, are mostly found in ponds and still waters, and afford very little sport to the angler. They are said to prefer a brandling worm, and may be angled for by those who wish "to kill" a weary hour, though with small chance of killing fish, in the same manner as for carp.

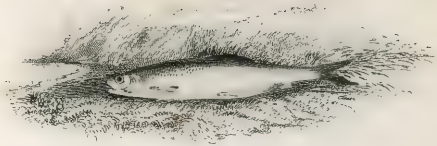
CHUB.

This fish, when young, in colour, shape, and general appearance, is so like the dace or dare, that even experienced anglers are sometimes at a loss to decide whether the fish which they have caught is to be called a chub or a dace. In such cases, if the head appear large in proportion to the body it is commonly decided to be a chub. In the Eden, the chub is known by the name of the skelly; and shoals of them may be observed lying near fords and places where cattle are accustomed to drink. Though chub are usually described as fish which never leave the fresh water, we have frequently seen them caught in a salmon-net at the mouth of a river, in salt water. The last salmon net which we assisted to haul, contained, in addition to five fine salmon, a grey mullet, and a chub or skelly eighteen inches long, with scales like mother of pearl, and weighing three pounds. Whipping for chub is the favorite amusement of the fly-fishers of the Lea, and

various are the lures which they employ,—imitative bees, beetles, wasps, grass-hoppers, gentles, and flies;—but, with all their means and appliances, it is seldom that the most accomplished can boast of catching a dozen brace of chub in a day. Chub will take small dace, minnows, or gudgeons, as well as worms, paste, gentles, and new cheese. According to the weather, chub may be angled for at any depth. In cold weather they mostly lie near the bottom. It is advisable to use a reel in angling for chub; for although he is a faint-hearted fish, soon giving in, yet, when using fine tackle, it is often necessary to give him line when he is first struck. Chub may be angled for from April to December, and they are said to be the best towards the latter end of the year. Chub are not generally caught upwards of two pounds in weight, though fish from three to five pounds are not uncommon, and some have been taken weighing from eight to ten.

DACE.

The dace is a handsome fish, and, like the chub, is angled for with fly, paste, worms, and gentles. They are caught in most rivers in England, and, as they frequently swim in shoals, they are sometimes caught in great numbers. When angling for dace with a fly, small dark-coloured ones, such as black hackles, small spider and ant flies, are the most killing. In float-fishing, at mid-water and near



the surface, gentles are commonly used, and paste formed of bran and clay may be thrown into the water to collect the fish. The common weight of the dace does not exceed half a pound, though they have been taken weighing so much as two. They may be angled for from April to October.

ROACH.

In angling for roach, it is necessary to use fine tackle, and as they are not generally of a great size, a single hair, in the hands of a dextrous angler, is sufficient to hold them. When angling with a single hair-line, it is necessary to use a landing-net, and to strike gently when you feel a bite Great numbers of roach are caught in the Thames and the Lea, with a single-hair line, the hook baited with paste of soft white bread and honey, and balls of clay and bran occasionally thrown into the water. When using paste, which the roach appears to like best after August, the hook ought to swim just clear of the bottom. Roach may be angled for with gentles, from two to four feet from the surface of the water, and with small flies, the same as for dace. Angling for roach and dace is a pleasing amusement for boys, and an introduction to the higher departments of the art; but is undeserving of the attention of the angler who has arrived at years of discretion, unless he have either nothing else to do —in which case his angling may be considered as a

penance—or no opportunity of fishing for anything else. Our engraving shews a fine youth of fifteen—a portrait—engaged in angling for roach. Good luck to thee, Tom! thy very attitude, shows that thy body, as well as thy mind, is at ease. Take thy pleasure in fresh-water angling while thou mayst, for within twelve months we expect to receive from thee—a promising midshipman in one of his Majesty's frigates on the West India station—a letter giving an account of fishing for sharks in Montego Bay.

The rud, though by some naturalists considered a distinct species, is probably a variety of the roach. It is never, that we are aware of, caught in streams, but only in ponds and lakes, or large pieces of standing water,—such as the fleets of the Trent,—formed by the occasional overflowing of a river. It differs chiefly from the roach in being broader, the colour of its sides more of a yellowish brown; and the irides yellow. The rud is found in the fleets of the Trent, in the water at Dagenham breach, in Hornsea-mere in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and in several ponds in Lincolnshire.

In the Linnæan Transactions for 1832, Mr. Yarrell has described a species of the genus Cyprinus, the Graining, caught in several streams which flow into the Mersey, near Warrington, but apparently unknown in other parts of the country. It resembles the dace in general appearance, but Mr. Yarrell is confident that it is of a distinct species. Its length, compared

to its depth, is as 5 to 1, while the proportion of the dace is as 4 to 1. Bainbridge, in the "Fly-fisher's Guide," describes the Graining as—"rather more slender than the dace; the body almost straight; colour of the scales silvery, with a bluish cast; the eyes, the ventral and the anal fins, are of a pale colour." He also informs us: "that as they rise freely, they afford good sport to the angler, and when in the humour, it is not difficult to fill a pannier with them. They sometimes, though not commonly, exceed half a pound in weight, and are much better eating than the dace."

BREAM.

The bream, like the carp and tench, is partial to still waters. In form it is deeper in the body than a roach, and in colour it resembles a carp. The bream is best in September, and grows to five or six pounds weight. They will take paste, gentles, or worms, angled with at bottom. In fishing for bream, boiled malt, or balls of clay and bran, mixed with pieces of worms, may be used as ground-bait.

GUDGEON.

Angling for gudgeons in the Thames, the Lea, the New River, and the Regent's Canal, is a favorite amusement with many of the children of a larger growth resident in London; and, to speak honestly,

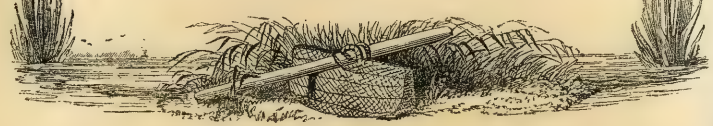
we think it equally pleasant as "whipping" for chub, and decidedly preferable to gazing for hours on a float in fishing for carp or tench, without ever seeing it fairly pulled under water. Gudgeon delight in gentle streams, with a gravelly or sandy bottom which, in fishing for them, ought to be frequently stirred up with a pole or rake. They take a small red worm at bottom, and may be angled for from March to October. They are mostly caught from five to six inches long.

BLEAK.

This playful and handsome little fish, which is most numerous in the Lea, is not so frequently angled for as the gudgeon, though it will rise at a small artificial fly, and take freely a gentle from one to two feet below the surface, or a small red worm at mid-water. A bleak is sometimes used as a spinning-bait for pike, or large trout, and also in trolling, though for the latter purpose a gudgeon is preferable.

MINNOW.

The minnow, which is the smallest species of the genus Cyprinus known in Britain, is used by the angler as bait, and caught by the boys for amusement. Should an elderly gentleman want minnows for bait, and not be able to get them with a small net, let him send out his grandson—the youngster last breeched—give him a rod six feet long, the same



length of thread for line, a small hook, and a few small red worms. Let him have a bait-kettle with him to put the minnows into, and tell him to take them gently off the hook. If it be likely to rain, and he a delicate youth, do not allow him to go to the water-side without an umbrella.

LOACH.

Though the loach is commonly mentioned among the baits for pike, yet we never knew any person who ever used one for that purpose, nor indeed for any other. They may be caught in the same manner as minnows, though they are by no means so ready to take a bait. They are found in shallow streams, and boys mostly catch them with their hands. They are a very tender fish, and, if roughly handled, soon die.

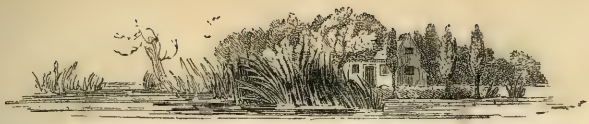
BULL-HEAD, OR MILLER'S THUMB.

The miller's thumb is never angled for expressly, but is sometimes caught with the bait intended for other fish. We have seen this fish frequently so caught, but never knew it used as bait, nor as food for either "beast or body."

EEL.

Eels are not often angled for, though they are frequently caught when bottom-fishing with worms for trout, to the great annoyance of the angler, who generally makes short work of them by setting his

foot on their tails, and directly cutting off their heads, to prevent them entangling his line. Fine fresh-water eels, stewed or potted, form a very savoury dish; and the best way to catch them is by laying night lines. There is no great art required to make or lay a night-line. The line may be any kind of cord or twine which may be judged strong enough, and from twelve to forty yards long, according to the breadth of the water in which you intend to lay it. Each hook may be whipped to half a yard of Dutch twine, and fastened to the line by a draw knot about three feet apart. Bait the hooks with what you please—minnows, dace, gudgeons, frogs, snails, or pieces of lamprey, though nothing is better than common lob-worms—and to one end of the line fasten a brick. Either from a boat, or by wading or throwing, lay the brick as far into the river as the line will reach, and extend your line across the stream in a slanting direction. If you are apprehensive of having your lines stolen, fasten a brick or a stone to the other end of the line, and throw it into the water near the bank, so that the line may be kept extended. Next morning your line is to be reached by means of drag-hooks, and though large eels will sometimes drag it a short distance, yet, if not stolen, you will always find it near to where you laid it the night before. When the eels have gorged the hooks, or are entangled in the line, cut their heads off, and clear your line when you have leisure.



The generation of eels has long been a subject of speculation with physiologists and naturalists, and, notwithstanding all the observations and enquiries which have been made upon the subject, the question is still involved in obscurity. Good old father Walton was inclined to think that they might be bred "either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth," and this opinion he thinks more probable, seeing that goslings were produced from the rotten planks of a ship or hatched from the leaves of trees. This opinion of the generation of eels and Barnacle geese has, however, been long abandoned. Sir Everard Home, after many dissections, believed eels to be hermaphrodite; and Mr. Jesse, in the first series of his "Gleanings," after citing several authorities to prove that eels are viviparous, thus concludes:—"It is, I think, now sufficiently evident that eels are viviparous, though in what way they are generated we are still ignorant." In the second series, however, he declares that he has had reason to alter this opinion, and that he now believes eels to be oviparous. Though we are inclined to concur in this belief, we by no means consider the testimony of the gardener, who is ready to make oath that he caught an eel full of roe, nor the observations of Mr. Yarrell, published in the second series of the "Gleanings," as decisive of the fact. The young fry of eels commonly make their appearance at Kingston, in their progress up the Thames, about the 1st of May, though they are sometimes seen about Twickenham a fortnight ear-

lier. The sum of Mr. Yarrell's observations is, that from November to the middle of March he observed no increase in what he decides to be the ovaria of eels; and that after the 15th of April he found the roes shed; but this certainly can never be admitted as conclusive evidence that eels are oviparous, more especially if we attend to the fact of young eels appearing in considerable numbers at the very time that he concludes the old ones have spawned. In our apprehension, Mr. Yarrell has just left the question respecting eels being oviparous or viviparous, as he found it; and, even granting that they are oviparous, his observations suggest another question which is no less deserving the attention of the naturalist, but which both he and Mr. Jesse seem most strangely to have overlooked. It is this:—if eels, according to Mr. Yarrell's observations, spawn about the middle of April, and since it is a fact that the young fry of eels appear about that time, do the ova become quickened immediately on exclusion, or do they not produce young eels till the expiration of a year? A person apt to draw hasty conclusions would be very likely to infer that the young eels are produced alive, from the fact of their appearing at the very time that the old ones are supposed to have spawned, without any intervening time being allowed for the quickening of the ova after exclusion. Mr. Yarrell's observations on the presumed "spawning" of eels, without his saying a word about the time required to quicken the ova, rather tend to

support than to weaken such an inference. It may be said—nothing is more easy than to say—that the young eels which appear in the spring may burst from the ova in January, or perhaps may have been quickened towards the conclusion of the preceding year. They may, or they may not; and we therefore consider that Mr. Yarrell's observations have left the question concerning the generation of eels just where he found it, even if he has been able to distinguish milts from roes;—in ascertaining which, judging from his observations, he seems to have found no difficulty, although so eminent a comparative anatomist as Sir Everard Home appears to have been unable to perceive such decisive sexual distinctions, since, after frequent examination, he was of opinion that eels were hermaphrodite. The "eel's nest" is still to be found, and we hope that the next enquirer will prove more successful in his investigations.

BURBOT.

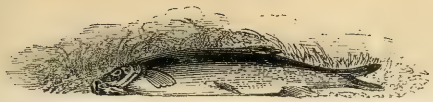
The burbot or eel-pout, though of a different genus, is not unlike a thick eel in form. The burbot rarely exceeds two feet in length, and their average weight does not exceed a pound. They are more abundant in the still water of the Foss-dike and Witham navigations, in Lincolnshire, than in any other part of the kingdom. They are not unfrequent in Lincoln market, where they are sold at the same price as eels. They are caught with night lines, in the same manner as eels. Some writers on natural

history assert that they are generally found in running water and clear streams. The only streams in which we have known them caught are such as run very slowly, and which are not remarkable for their clearness.

STICKLEBACK.

The stickleback is the smallest of fresh-water fishes, and is sometimes used by the angler as bait for perch, after cutting off the spines on the back and sides. They are a voracious little fish, and most destructive of the fry of roach and dace, and of every other kind of fry which they can manage to swallow. Young leeches are their favorite food. Boys catch the stickleback without using a hook, merely by tying a small worm to their line, which the greedy little fish attempts to swallow, and holds fast till pulled out.

Having now concluded our brief observations on the fish principally caught in the rivers and lakes of England, and on the mode of angling for them, we may be permitted to remark, that though a love of angling may be excited by reading, no good angler was ever yet formed merely by book. To excel in the art requires diligent practice, together with a "tact" in the management of the rod and line which no directions can teach, and which some persons angle all their lives without attaining. It is also to be observed, that a most skilful angler, but



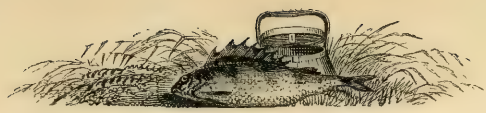
wanting perseverance, will not, generally, bring home so heavy a creel at the conclusion of a long day's fishing, as one who may not be able to fish so fine nor so far off, but who is endowed with greater perseverance.

"Some youthful gallant here perhaps will say,
This is no pastime for a gentleman,
It were more fit at cards and dice to play,
To use both fence and dancing now and then,
Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,
Or with coy phrases court his mistris' fan:
A poor delight, with toyl and painfull watch,
With losse of time a silly fish to catch."

* * * * * * *

"Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers clear may walke at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blew,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodill,
Purple narcissus like the morning rayes,
Pale gandergras, and azure culverkayes.

"I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty skie,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watry clouds that in the ayre uprolled
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old Tithonous' bed.



"The lofty woods, the forrests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bow'rs the birds with chaunting song
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen.

* * * * * *

"All these, and many more, of his creation
That made the Heavens, the angler oft doth see;
And takes therein no little delectation
To think how strange and wonderfull they bee,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free:
And whilst he looks on these with joyfull eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry skie."

Thus singeth John Dennys, Esquire, in his "Secrets of Angling," who supplied us with a motto at the commencement; and with the above pleasing reminiscences of the old piscatory bard we conclude "THE ANGLER'S SOUVENIR."

THE END.

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